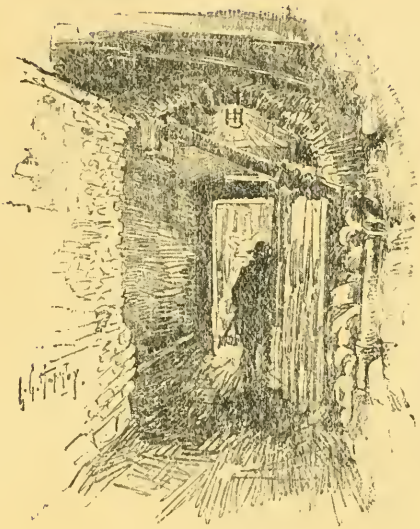
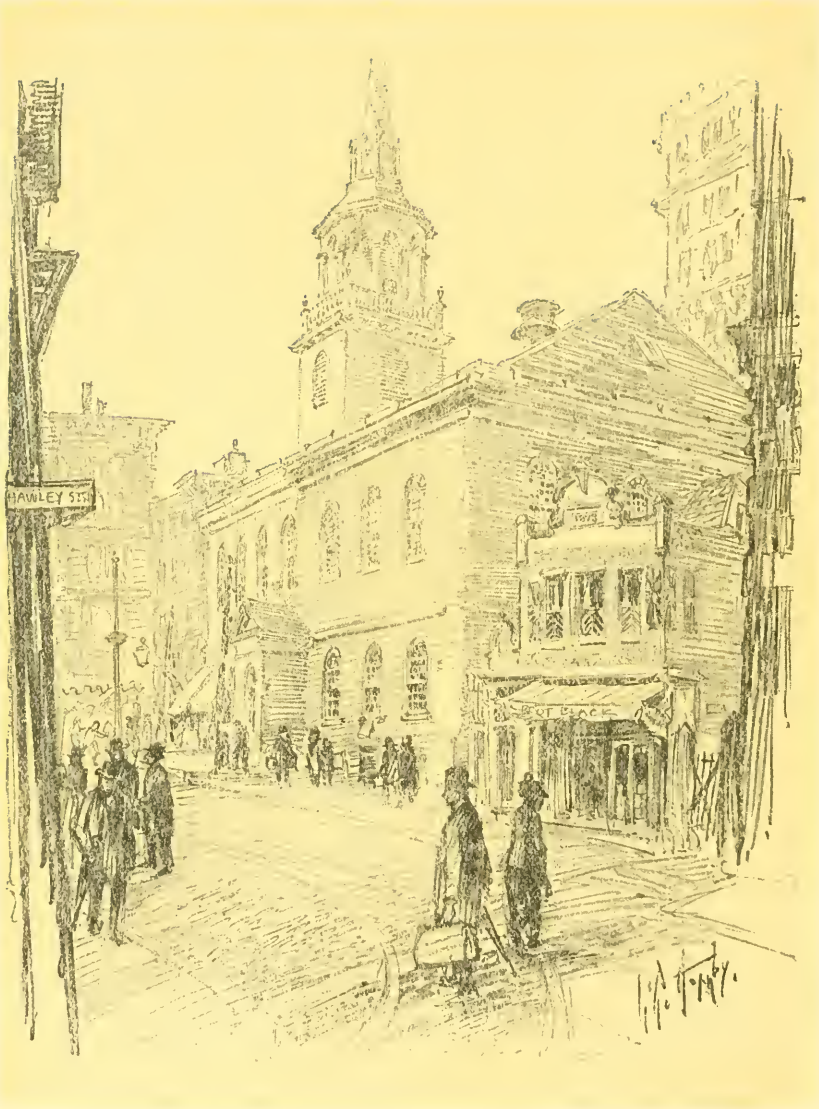
RAMBLES AROUND OLD BOSTON

EDWIN M. BACON





The Old South Church

Rambles Around Old Boston

By
Edwin M. Bacon

With Drawings by
Lester G. Hornby

Boston
Little, Brown, and Company
1914

Published, October, 1914

ELECTROTYPED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE

PRESSWORK BY LOUIS E. CROSSCUP, BOSTON, U.S.A.

Contents

Chapter		Page
I.	The Storied Town of "Crooked Little Streets"	1
II.	Old State House, Dock Square, Faneuil Hall	19
III.	Copp's Hill and Old North (Christ) Church Region	59
IV.	The Common and Round About	87
V.	Over Beacon Hill	117
VI.	The Water Front	147
VII.	Old South, King's Chapel, and Neighborhood	169
VIII.	Picturesque Spots	193

Illustrations

PAGE

The Underground Passage Between old Province Court and Harvard Place . . . . . *Half-Title*

The Old South Church . . . . . *Frontispiece*

The Frigate Constitution at the Navy Yard v

Dorchester Heights from Meeting House Hill vii

The Province Court Entrance to the Underground Passage 1

Harvard Place 9

The Old State House 23

In Dock Square 31

Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market 39

Quaint Buildings of Cornhill 49

Copp's Hill Burying Ground 63

Christ Church 69

Illustrations

	Page
Bunker Hill Monument from the Belfry of Christ Church	77
The Paul Revere House, North Square	83
On the Common, Showing Park Street Church	93
On Boston Common Mall in front of old St. Paul's	103
Across the Frog Pond to the old houses of Beacon Hill	111
Dome of the State House, and site of the old John Hancock House	121
Colonial Doorway and Lamp on Mount Vernon Street	131
Number 74½ Pinckney Street	137
Old Loft Buildings, Commercial Wharf	151
The last of the Fishing Fleet at old T Wharf	155
A Bit of old Long Wharf	159
In the old "Bell-in-Hand" Tavern	181
King's Chapel	187
The Iron Gate between Province and Bosworth Streets	193
A Bit of old Leverett Street	197
The Quaint Corner where Poplar and Chambers Streets meet	201
The Boston Stone	207


HENRY S. BRIGHTON
PLUMBER
ANTIQUE
FURNITURE
AND
BRONZES

Rambles Around Old Boston

I

THE STORIED TOWN OF "CROOKED LITTLE STREETS"

WE were three — a visiting Englishman, the Artist, and Antiquary. The Artist and Antiquary were the gossiping guides; the Englishman the guided. The Englishman would "do" Old Boston exclusively. He had "done" the blend of Old and New, and now would hark back to the Old and review it in leisurely strolls among its landmarks. He had asked the Artist and Antiquary to pilot him companionably, and they would meet his wishes, and gladly, for the personal conducting of a stranger so saturated with Old Boston lore as he appeared to be could not be other than agreeable.

Beyond the few treasured historic memorials, the landmarks he especially would seek were many of them long ago annihilated in those repeated marches of progress or of improvement

common to all growing cities, or effaced in the manifold makings-over of the topography of the Old Town, than which none other in Christendom has undergone more. Still, if not the identical things, the sites of a select number of them could be identified for him, and their story or legend rehearsed, while the Artist's pencil would reproduce yet remaining bits of the Old jumbled with the New.

So we sauntered, we three, through the crowded old streets of the modern city, imaging the Old Town of the past.

Properly our initial ramble was within the narrow bounds of the beginnings of the Puritan capital, the "metropolis of the wilderness", hanging on the harbor's edge of the little "pear-shaped", be-hilled peninsula, for which the founders, those "well-educated, polite persons of good estate", took Old Boston in England for its name and London for its model. The Lincolnshire borough on the Witham was to be its prototype only in name. The founders would have their capital town be to New England in its humble way what London was to Old England. So Boston was builded, a likeness in miniature to London.

This London look and Old England aspect, we remarked, remained to and through the Revolution; and in a shadowy way remains to-day, as our guest would see. It was indeed a natural family likeness, for, as the record shows, Boston from the beginning was the central point of the most thoroughly English community in the New World. There was no infusion of a foreign element of consequence until the end of the Colony period and the close of the seventeenth century. Then the French Huguenots had begun to appear and mingle with the native Puritans. But while early in the Province period this element became sufficient in numbers to set up a church of its own, and to bring about some softening of the old austerities of the Puritan town life, it did not impair the English stamp. These French Huguenots easily assimilated in the community, which welcomed them, and in time these competent artisans and merchants, the Bowdoins, the Faneuils, Chardons, Sigourneys, Reveres, Molineuxes, Greenleafs, became almost as English, or American-English, as the rest. Nor was the stamp impaired by the infusion of Scotch and Irish into the Colony in increasing numbers during the latter half of the

seventeenth and the early eighteenth centuries; nor by the floating population of various nationalities naturally drawn to a port of consequence, as Boston was, the chief in the colonies from the outset. These floaters, coming and going, merely lent variety and picturesqueness — or brought temporary trouble — to the sober streets. Up to the Revolution the population remained homogeneous, with the dominating influences distinctively of English lineage. When with the Revolution the English yoke was thrown off and the "Bostoneers" tore down every emblem of royalty and every sign of a Tory and burned them in a huge bonfire in front of the Old State House, and afterward re-named King Street "State", and Queen Street "Court", they could not blot out its English mark. And well into the nineteenth century, when in 1822 Boston emerged from a town to a city, the population was still "singularly homogeneous"; it came to cityhood slowly and somewhat reluctantly after repeated attempts, the first early in the Colony period. Edmund Quincy, in his fascinating life of his distinguished father, Josiah Quincy, writing of the municipality in 1823 during Josiah Quincy's first administra-

tion as mayor — he was the city's second mayor — observes: "The great Irish and German emigration had not then set in. The city was eminently English in its character and appearance, and probably no town of its size in England had a population of such unmixed English descent as the Boston of that day. It was *Anglis ipsis Anglior* — more English than the English themselves. The inhabitants of New England at that time were descended, with scarcely any admixture of foreign blood, from the Puritan emigration of the seventeenth century."

This complexion remained untarnished for a decade or so longer. The infusion of foreign elements that changed it began about the latter eighteen-thirties and the early forties, with the development of large New England industries, of which Boston was the financial center — the building of canals, turnpikes, railroads, factories; the expansion of commerce with the advent of steamships. It came rapidly, too, this change in complexion, when fairly begun. Lemuel Shattuck's census of Boston for 1845, a local classic in its way, disclosed a state of affairs which astonished the self-satisfied Bostonian of that day

in its demonstration that the native born comprised only a little more than one third of the population, "the remainder being emigrants from other places in the United States or from foreign countries." Within the next half-century the proportion had become one third of foreign birth, and another third of foreign parentage. Yet withal, the old English likeness was not shattered; it was but dimmed.

As the founders and settlers brought with them all their beloved old-home characteristics and would transplant them, as was possible, in their new home, so we find their earliest "crooked little streets" with old London names. So the earlier social life, grim though it was with its puritanical tinge, is seen to have been old English in a smaller and narrower way. So were the manners and customs. The taverns were named for old London inns. The shop signs repeated old London symbols.

And to-day, as we ramble about the shadowy precincts of the Colony Town, we chance delectably here and there upon a twisting street yet holding its first-given London name — a London-like old court, byway, or alley; a Londonish

Harvard Place

foot-passage making short cut between thoroughfares; an arched way through buildings in old London style. So, too, we find yet lingering, though long since in disuse, an old, London-fashioned underground passage or two between courts or one-time habitations, suggestive of smuggling days and of romance. Such is that grim underground passage between old Province Court and Harvard Place, issuing on Washington Street opposite the Old South Meeting-house, which starts in the court near a plumbing shop and runs alongside the huge granite foundations of the rear wall of the old Province House, seat of the royal governors, now long gone save its side wall of Holland brick, which still remains intact. This passage must have eluded Hawthorne, else surely it would have figured in one of his incomparable "Legends" of this rare place of Provincial pomp and elegance. Then there was, until recent years, that other and more significant passage, opening from this one, and extending under the Province House and the highway in front, eastward toward the sea. Gossip Tradition has it, or some latter-day discoverer has fancied, that by this passage some

of Howe's men made their escape to the waterfront at the Evacuation. Others call it a smuggler's passage. In that day the water came up Milk Street to the present Liberty Square, and southward to old Church Green, which used to be at the junction of Summer and Bedford streets. An explorer of this passage — the engineer of the tavern which now occupies the site of the Province House orchard (a genuine antiquary — this engineer, who, during service with the tavern from its erection, has delved deep into colonial history of this neighborhood), says that its outlet apparently was somewhere near Church Green. It was closed up in part in late years by building operations, and further by the construction of the Washington Street Tunnel.

The peninsula as the colonists found it we recalled from the familiar description of the local historians. It was a neck of land jutting out at the bottom of Massachusetts Bay with a fine harbor on its sea side; at its back, the Charles River, uniting at its north end with the Mystic River as it enters the harbor from the north side of Charlestown; its whole territory only about four miles in circuit; its less than eight

hundred acres comprising several abrupt elevations, with valleys between. The loftiest elevation was the three-peaked hill in its heart, which gave it its first English name of Trimountain, and became Beacon, on the river side; the next in height, on the harbor front, were the north and south promontories of a great cove, which became respectively Copp's Hill and Fort Hill. This peninsula was sparsely clad with trees, but thick in bushes and reeds, the surface indented by four deep coves, inlets of ocean and river, and by creeks and ponds; and with sea margins wide, flat, oozy. The original area, our guest was told, was expanded to more than eighteen hundred acres in subsequent periods in the nineteenth century by the filling in of the coves, creeks, and ponds and the reclamation of marshes and flats.

The Town was begun round about the Market Place, which was at the head of the present State Street, where is now the Old State House. About the Market Place the first homes were built and the first highways struck out. Thence meandered the earliest of those legendary "cow paths," the lanes from which evolved the "crooked little streets" leading to the home lots and gardens

of settlers. State Street and Washington Street were the first highways, the one "The Great Street to the Sea", the other "The High Waye to Roxberrie", where the peninsula joined the mainland, perhaps along Indian trails. At the outset the "High Waye" reached only as far as School and Milk streets, where is now the Old South Meeting-house, and this was early called Cornhill. Soon, however, a further advance was made to Summer, this extension later being called Marlborough Street, in commemoration of the victory of Blenheim. In a few years a third street was added, toward Essex and Boylston streets, named Newbury. The "sea" then came up in the Great Cove from the harbor fairly close to the present square of State Street, for high-water mark was at the present Kilby Street on the south side and Merchants Row on the north side. The Great Cove swept inside of these streets. Merchants Row followed the shore northward to a smaller cove, stretching from where is now North Market Street and the Quincy Market (the first Mayor Quincy's monument) and over the site of Faneuil Hall to Dock Square, which became the Town Dock. Other

pioneer highways were the nucleus of the present Tremont Street, originally running along the northeastern spurs of the then broad-spreading Beacon Hill and passing through the Common; Hanover Street, at first a narrow lane, from what is now Scollay Square, and Ann, afterward North Street, from Dock Square, both leading to the ferries by Copp's Hill, where tradition says the Indians had their ferry. Court Street was first Prison Lane, from the Market Place to the prison, a grewsome dungeon, early set up, where now stands the modern City Hall Annex. In its day it harbored pirates and Quakers, and Hawthorne fancied it for the opening scenes of his "Scarlet Letter." School Street took its name from the first schoolhouse and the first school, whence sprang the Boston Latin School, which felicitates itself that it antedates the university at Cambridge and "dandled Harvard College on its knee." Milk Street, first "Fort Lane", was the first way to Fort Hill on the harbor front. Summer Street, first "Mylne Lane", led to "Widow Tuthill's Windmill", near where was Church Green, up to which the water came. "Cow Lane", now High Street, led from Church

Green, or Mill Lane, to the foot of Fort Hill. Essex Street was originally at its eastern end part of the first cartway to the Neck and Roxbury, a beach road that ran along the south shore of the South Cove, another expansive indentation, extending from the harbor on the south side of Fort Hill to the Neck. Boylston Street, originally "Frog Lane", and holding fast to this bucolic appellation into the nineteenth century, was a swampy way, running westward along the south side of Boston Common toward the open Back Bay — the back basin of the Charles — then flowing up to a pebbly beach at the Common's western edge and to the present Park Square.

Here, then, on the levels about the Great Cove, in the form of a crescent, facing the sea and backed by the three-peaked hill, the Town was established.

The first occupation was within the scant territory bounded, generally speaking, on the east by State Street at the high-water line of the Great Cove; northerly by Merchants Row around to near the site of Faneuil Hall; northwesterly by Dock Square and Hanover Street; westerly by the great hill and Tremont Street; southerly

by School and Milk streets; and Milk Street again to the water, then working up toward the present Liberty Square at the junction of Kilby, Water, and Batterymarch streets. Soon, however, the limits expanded, reaching southward to Summer Street, and not long after to Essex and Boylston streets; eastward, to the harbor front at and around Fort Hill; westward and northwestward, about another broad cove — this the North Cove, later the "Mill Cove" with busy mills about it, an indentation on the north of Beacon Hill by the widening of the Charles River at its mouth, and covering the space now Haymarket Square; and northward, over the peninsula's North End, which early became the seat of gentility.

No further expansion of moment was made through the Colony period, and the extension was slight during the Province period. Beacon Hill, except its slopes, remained till after the Revolution in its primitive state, its long western reach a place of pastures over which the cows roamed, and the barberry and the wild rose grew.

The foot of the Common on the margin of the glinting Back Bay was the Town's west boundary till after the Revolution and into the nine-

teenth century. Till then the tide of the Back Bay flowed up the present Beacon Street some two hundred feet above the present Charles Street. The Town's southern limit, except a few houses toward the Neck on the fourth link of the highway to Roxbury (called Orange Street in honor of the House of Orange), was still Essex and Boylston streets. The one landway to the mainland, till after the second decade of the nineteenth century, remained the long, lean Neck to Roxbury. The only water way, at the beginning of the Town, was by means of ships' boats, afterward by scows. No bridge from Boston was built till the Revolution was two years past.

So the "storied town" remained, till the close of the historic chapter, a little one, the built-up territory of which could easily be covered in a stroll of a day or two.

From its establishment as the capital, Boston's history was so interwoven with that of the Colony that in England the Colony came early to be designated the "Bostoneers", and the charter which the founders brought with them and for the retention of which the colonists were in an almost constant struggle, was termed the "Boston Charter."

II

OLD STATE HOUSE, DOCK SQUARE, FANEUIL HALL

THE first governor's "mansion", the first minister's house, the meeting-house which was the first public structure to be erected, set up in the Town's second summer, and the dwellings and warehouses of the first shopkeeper and of the wider merchant-traders, were grouped about the Market Place on the central "Great Street to the Sea." Other first citizens located in the neighborhood of the Town Dock. Others along the High Waye between the Dock and School and Bromfield streets; on Milk Street; and round about the "Springgate" — Spring Lane — where was one of those bounteous springs which had drawn Winthrop and his followers to the peninsula. A few were scattered on School Street; on the nucleus of Tremont Street along the spurs of Beacon Hill; and about Hanover Street and the other lane to the North End. The first tavern was set up on the High Waye, in

comfortable reach of the center of things. The occupation of the North End was begun actively within the Town's first decade.

The pioneer houses were generally of one story and with thatched roof. But very soon more substantial structures were raised, mostly of wood; and by the time that the Town was twenty years old, its buildings were sufficiently advanced to be described by the contemporary historian as "beautifull and large, some fairly set forth with Brick, Tile, Stone, and Slate, and orderly placed with comly streets whose continuall inlargement pressages some sumptuous City." Hipped roofs were coming into vogue; and houses with "jetties", projecting stories. At forty, the Town was showing a few of those three-story brick houses, broad-fronted, with arched windows, which are pictured as early colonial. Some of the few stone houses were of ambitious style and proportions. Notable was the "Gibbs house", on Fort Hill, the seat of Robert Gibbs, merchant. "A stately edifice which it is thought will stand him in little less than £3000. before it be fully finished", was Josselyn's description in 1671 or thereabouts, when it was building. It was in

this Gibbs house that Andros lodged on his first coming into the Town, and in it were quartered his guard of "about sixty red coats." Grandest of all was the Sergeant house, on Marlborough Street, nearly opposite the Old South, set back from the thoroughfare in stately exclusiveness, the mansion of Peter Sergeant, a rich merchant from London, erected in 1679, and, after the opulent merchant's death, bought by the Province, in 1716, and becoming the famous Province House, official home of the royal governors. Before the middle of the Province period, prosperous Bostonians had begun erecting mansions of that finest type of American colonial, the great, roomy house, generally of brick though often of wood, with high brick ends, the few remaining relics of which in Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, fewer in Cambridge, so comfort the eye. These highly dignified Boston mansions were not infrequently set in spacious gardens, and surrounded with luscious fruit orchards, refreshing the town with their pleasant aspect. All long since disappeared. The distinctive Boston "swell front" was of the early nineteenth century, after houses in block began to make their appearance.

Bulfinch, the pioneer native architect, was among the earliest of its builders.

The Market Place lay open through the Town's first quarter century and more, the central resort for business or for gossip. In its third year, by order of the General Court, Boston was made a market town, and Thursday was appointed market day. At the same time the "Thursday Lecture" was instituted, the weekly discourse which was to play so prominent a part in the religious life of the Town for more than two centuries, — thus deftly welding trade with religion. So Thursday became the Town's gala day. Then the country folk flocked into Town and to the Market Place and bartered their products for the wares of the Boston tradesmen, while the Lecture was taken in as a pious pastime. Early the market day became a favorite time for public punishments, for their disciplinary effects, perhaps, upon the "generality" of the populace. These spectacles customarily followed the Lecture, through which not unfrequently the wretched culprits must sit before undergoing their ordeal. Those instruments of torture, the whipping-post, the pillory, and the stocks, were placed conspicuously in the forefront,

The Old State House

and the people gazed complacently — because such were the customs of the day in Old as in New England — upon whippings of women as well as of men, and sometimes of girls; upon the exhibition of women in the pillory with a cleft stick in the tongue, for too free exercise of this ofttimes unruly member. The show of a forger and liar bound to the whipping-post "till the Lecture, from the first bell", when his ears were to be clipped off; the sight of whippings and ear cuttings, or nose slittings, for "scandalous speeches against the church", or for speaking disrespectfully of the ministers, or of the magistrates were not unusual. Upon such or even worse scourgings for the pettiest of offenses as for graver crimes the good people were freely privileged to gaze. Nor were these punishments confined to the humbler classes. No discrimination was made between high and lowly wrongdoers. The local dry-asdusts love to tell of that maker of the first Boston stocks who, "for his extortion, takeing 1l. 13s. 7d. for the plank and wood work", was the first to be set in them. And there is satisfaction in reading of the case of one "Nich. Knopp", who had taken upon himself to cure the scurvy by

a water of "noe worth nor value, which he sold at a very deare rate." Surely a fine of five pounds, with imprisonment "till he pay his fine, or give securitie for it, or els to be whipped", and making him liable "to any man's action of whome he hath received money for the said water" was none too rough for this scamp. Sometimes the woman with the scarlet badge on her breast may have been seen among the market-day gatherers. Here, too, unorthodox books were publicly burned.

Through these first thirty years of the Town, the Meeting-house stood beside the Market Place, serving for all Town and Colony business as well as for all religious purposes. At first it was a pioneer rude house of stone and mud walls and thatched roof set up on the south side (its site marked by a neat tablet above the portal of an office building) but lasting only eight years; then its more substantial successor of wood, placed on the Cornhill of the High Waye (in front of where is now and long has been Young's, of savorous memories). Then in 1657–1659, the Town House — practically a Town and Colony House combined, of which the conserved Old State House is

the lineal descendant — was erected in the heart of the Market Place, and in its stead became the business exchange and the official center. Thus the Market Place was in large part closed, and the square at the Town House front alone became the public gathering place. So the square remained the people's rendezvous upon occasions of moment to the end of Colony and Province days, a central setting of what another Englishman with cousinly graciousness has termed "the great part" that Boston played "in the historical drama of the New World."

How this first Town and Colony House was provided for in the longest will on record by worthy Captain Robert Keayne, the enterprising merchant tailor and public-spirited citizen, who became the richest man of his time in the Town, yet could not escape penalty and censure by court and church for taking exorbitant profits, is a familiar Old Boston story. Despite his disciplining by the very paternal government, the captain remained a Boston worthy in excellent standing and zealous in Town and Church affairs, till the end of his days. His memory is kept green as the father of the still lusty Ancient and Honorable

Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the country, and father of the first Public Library in America, as well as father of the first Boston Town House, in which the making of large history was begun. Keayne indeed recovered favor by acknowledging his "covetous and corrupt behaviour." But he closed, in his defense of it, with the offer of the business rules that had guided him; and much space in that prodigious will — one hundred and fifty-eight folio pages, all "writ in his own hand" — was devoted to a justification of his business conduct. Nothing more refreshing illustrates the business ethics of that simple day than this Puritan merchant's defense and the minister's offset to it. The rules that Keayne pled as guiding him were these:

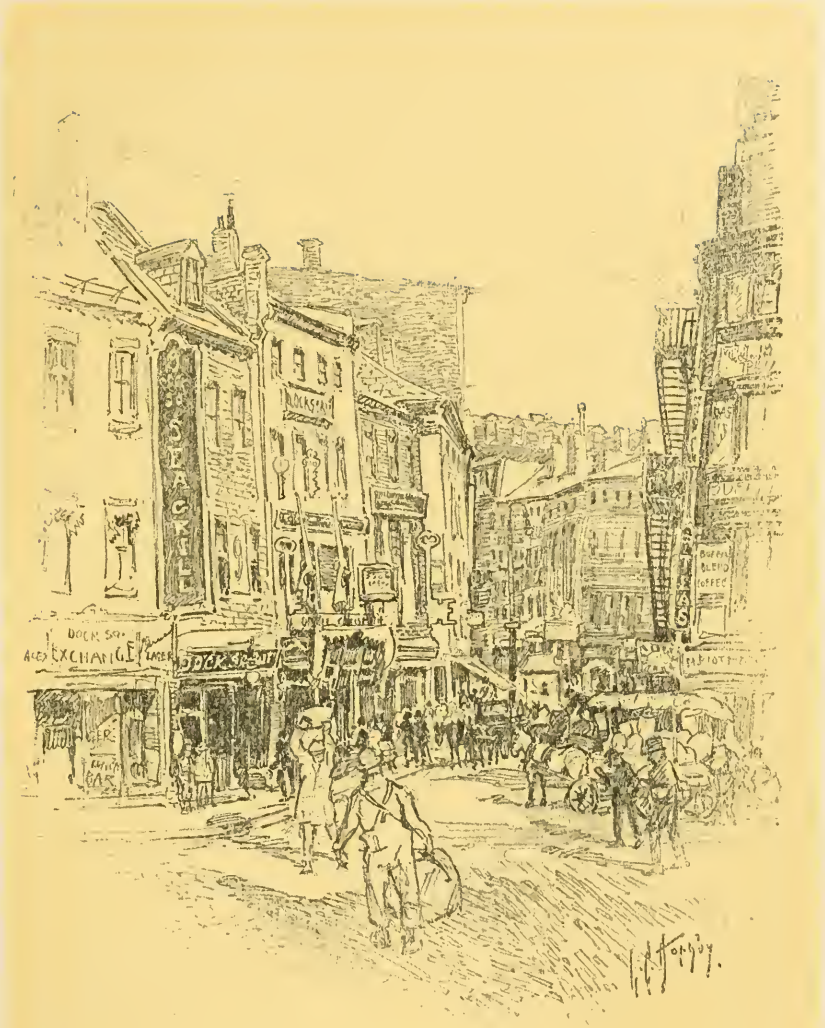
"First, That if a merchant lost on one commodity he might help himself on the price of another. Second, That if through want of skill or other occasions his commodity cost him more than the price of the market in England, he might then sell it for more than the price of the market in New England."

The minister, in this case John Cotton, would set up this higher code:

"First, That a man may not sell above the current price. Second, That when a man loseth in his commodity for want of skill he must look at it as his own fault or cross, and therefore must not lay it upon another. Third, That when a man loseth by casualty at sea etc., it is a loſs cast upon him by Providence, and he may not ease himself of it by casting it upon another for so a man should seem to provide against all providences, etc. that he should never lose 2: but where there is a scarcity of the commodity there men may raise their prices, for now it is a hand of God upon the commodity and not the person. Fourth, That a man may not ask any more for his commodity than his selling price, as Ephron to Abraham, the land is worth so much."

Keayne had been a successful merchant tailor in London before coming out, and a London military man. He was for several years a member of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, after which the Boston company was modeled. He was made the first commander of the Boston company upon its organization on the first Monday in June, 1638 — the day that has ever since, with the exception of lapses in the Civil War period,

been celebrated in Boston with all the old-time pomp and ceremony as Artillery Election Day. When he died, the year before the beginning of his Town house, he was presumably honored with a grand military funeral, and was buried beside the other fathers in the old First Burying-ground, which became the King's Chapel. He was particularly associated with the Boston founders as the brother-in-law of John Wilson, the first minister and the personage next in consequence to John Winthrop and John Cotton in the early Town life. Their seats were nearly opposite, on either side of the Market Place. Keayne's was on the south side, the comfortable house, the shop, and the garden occupying the ample lot between "Pudding Lane" — Devonshire Street — and Cornhill. Wilson's glebe, on the north side, facing the square, was an even more generous lot, extending back to the water of the Town Dock by Dock Square, and covering Devonshire Street north, which originally was a zigzag path from the Market Place to the head of the Dock across the minister's garden. After the path had expanded into a lane, and had sometime borne the title of "Crooked," it was given the minister's name;



In Dock Square

and as "Wilson's Lane" it remained to modern times when, with the extension of Devonshire Street through the ancient way, the good old colonial appellation was stupidly dropped. A century after Keayne's day, the British Main Guard was stationed on the site of his seat, with its guns pointed menacingly at the south door of the present Old State House; and where Parson Wilson's house had stood was the Royal Exchange Tavern, before which, and the Royal Custom House on the lower Royal Exchange Lane (now Exchange Street) corner, were lined up Captain Preston's file at the "Boston Massacre."

Keayne would have a Town House ample not only for the accommodation of the Town government, Town meetings, the courts, and the General Court, but also of the church elders, a public library, and an armory. But the sum that he bequeathed for his house and for a conduit and a market place besides, was only three hundred pounds. Accordingly subscription papers were passed among the townsfolk, and they contributed an additional fund which, with the legacy and a little aid from the Colony treasury, warranted the raising of a satisfactory structure. The townsmen being

poor in cash, most of their subscriptions were payable in merchandise, in building materials, in a specified number of days' work, or in materials and work combined. So this pioneer capitol duly appeared, completed in March, 1659, after a year and a half in construction, a "substantial and comely building", and a credit to the Town and to its builders. Its erection marked an epoch in the Town's history. The quaint pictures of it in the books are fanciful ones, drawn from the details of the contract, for no sketch is extant. It was a stout-timbered structure set up on pillars ten feet high, twenty-one of them, and jettying out from the pillars "three foot every way", a story and a half, with three gable ends, a balustrade, and turrets. It was called the fairest public structure in all the colonies. The open space inside the pillars at first was a free market place. Later, perhaps, after its repair and enrichment at a considerable cost, which was divided between the Colony and the Town and County, parts were closed in for small shops; and the first bookstalls were here. In this open space, also, or on the floor above, was the "walk for the merchants" after the London Exchange fashion.

At first 'change hour was from eleven to twelve. After a time the custom was introduced of announcing the opening of 'change by the ringing of a bell; and the bell-ringer was to be allowed twelve pence a year for every person commonly resorting to the place.

This comely capitol served the Town and Colony for half a century: through the remainder of the Colony period, the Inter-Charter period, and into the Province period. Here sat the colonial governors from Endicott to Bradstreet. Then came Joseph Dudley, as President of New England, with his fifteen councillors. Then Andros, as "captain-general and governor-in-chief of all New England", till his overthrow by the bloodless revolution of April, 1689, "the first forcible resistance to the crown in America", when the "Declaration of the Gentlemen, Merchants, and Inhabitants of Boston" was proclaimed from the balcony overlooking the square. Then Bradstreet again, now the Nestor of the old magistrates, in his eighty-seventh year, yet hale, sitting with the "council of peace and safety." Then the earlier of the royal governors, under the Province Charter, beginning with the rough-dia-

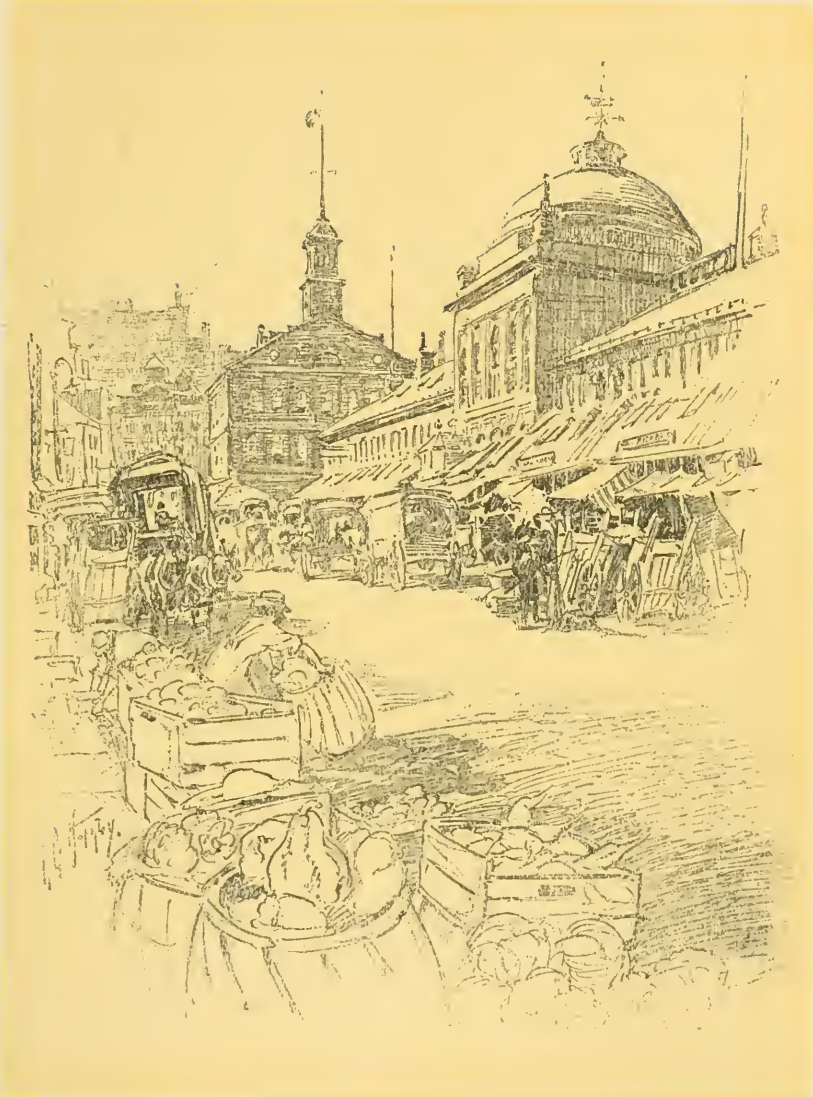
mond sailor-soldier Phips, when Boston had become the capital of a vast State, with the territories of Plymouth Colony, of Maine, and of Nova Scotia added to Massachusetts. And this was the Town House in which, in 1686, Randolph instituted, with the Reverend Robert Ratcliffe, brought out from London, as rector, the first Church of England church in Boston, when the authorities rigidly refused the use of any of the orthodox meeting-houses in the Town, now three, by the Episcopalians; but one of which — the Old South, then the Third — Andros speedily seized for their occupation alternately with the regular congregation. It was a place, too, of festivities, this Town House. Within it state dinners were given; and pleasing receptions to the visiting guest. John Dunton, the gossipy London bookseller, here in 1686, tells of being invited by Captain Hutchinson to dine with "the Governor and Magistrates of Boston", the "place of entertainment being the Town-Hall" and the feast "rich and noble."

Then, on an early October night of 1711, this house went down in ashes in a great fire — the eighth "great fire" which the Town had suffered

in its short existence of eighty years — along with the neighboring Meeting-house, and a hundred other buildings, — dwelling-houses, shops, and taverns. The fire swept over both sides of Cornhill between the Meeting-house and School Street, and both sides of the upper parts of King and Queen streets. It was in this affliction that Increase Mather, the minister-statesman, saw the wrath of God upon the Town for its profanation of the Sabbath. "Has not God's Holy Day been Profaned in New England!" he exclaimed in his next Sunday's sermon, graphically entitled "Burnings Bewailed." "Have not Burdens been carried through the Streets on the Sabbath Day? Have not Bakers, Carpenters, and other Tradesmen been employed in Servile Works on the Sabbath Day?" He would have stricter enforcement of the strict Puritan Sunday laws, which yet closed the Town from sunset on Saturday to sunset on Sunday against all toil and all worldly pleasure, permitted no strolling on street or Common, no cart to pass out or to come in, no horseman or footman, unless satisfactory statement of the necessity of the travel could be given. And this somber observance of Sunday continued to be

enforced with more or less vigor till after the Revolution. There is a pretty, apocryphal tale of the fining of Governor Hancock for strolling along the Mall of the Common on his way home from church. But the selectmen of 1711 took the more practical step, in ordering the stricter enforcement of building regulations, and in influencing a reconstruction of the burnt district of brick instead of wood.

So, on the ruins of the old, arose a new Town and Colony House of brick, a new brick meeting-house, a new Cornhill of houses and shops, largely of brick. The outer walls of the new capitol, completed in 1713, we see in the present building. It was a grander house than the first. There was an East Chamber, with balcony giving on the square, handsomely fitted for the governor and council, a Middle Chamber for the representatives, a West Chamber for the courts; and in other parts comfortable quarters for the Town officers. The "walk for the merchants" was, as before, on the street floor, but more capacious; while 'change hour was now one o'clock as in London. Pretty soon the exchange was surrounded by book-sellers' shops. These bookstalls, all having a good trade, together with "five printing-presses" in



Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market

the Town, "generally full of work", particularly impressed the Londoner, Daniel Neal, visiting Boston about 1719 and writing a book on his American impressions. By these, he flatteringly remarked, "it appears that Humanity and the Knowledge of Letters flourish more here than in all the other English Plantations put together; for in the City of New York there is but one Bookseller's Shop, and in the Plantations of Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, Barbadoes, and the Islands, none at all." Thus early were observed the evidences of that leadership in culture upon which the Boston of yesterday was wont much to plume itself.

This House stood in its grandeur, a "fine piece of building" as the observant Neal characterized it, for thirty years only. Then, in early December, 1747, it in turn was burned, all but its walls. Three years after, it was rebuilt upon and in the old walls, generally with the same interior arrangement, except the quarters for the Town officers, which were now in Faneuil Hall, erected five years before the Town and Colony House burning. In the interim, the General Court sat in Faneuil Hall; while the rebuilding of the Colony

House in some place outside of Boston was agitated, or the occupation of some other site in the Town, as Fort Hill or Boston Common. The present building therefore is that of 1749, with the walls of 1713. It stands restored in large part to the appearance it bore through the eventful fourteen years of the pre-Revolutionary period, when American history was making within it and, as John Adams recorded, "the child Independence was born." Thus it remains the most interesting historical building of its period in the country. And it is to-day cherished, along with the other two spared monuments — the Old South Meeting-house and Faneuil Hall — that distinctively commemorate those colonial, provincial, and Revolutionary events which make Boston unique among American cities; these with King's Chapel and Christ Church, are treasured by all classes of Bostonians with equal devotion as among the city's richest assets. The sentimentalist treasures them for their historical worth, the materialist for their commercial value, their drawing capacity, luring to the Old Town as to a Mecca pilgrims and strangers of the prosperous stripe, from far and wide, with money to spend in the shops and the mart.

But ah! what a fight it was, what a succession of fights, to retain the richer in accumulated associations, — the old State House and the old Meeting-house! And so, too, hard fights were those to preserve in their integrity the other landmarks of the historic past that have been permitted to remain, — Boston Common, and the three ancient burying-grounds with their graves and tombs of American worthies. To-day let a promoter but suggest the cutting of streets through the Common to relieve the pressure of traffic, and straightway he is sprung upon by public opinion and threatened with ostracism. A mayor orders the taking of a part of the preserve for a public structure, and within twenty-four hours public opinion forces him to cancel the order. And yet it was not so many years ago that the opening of an avenue through its length connecting north and south thoroughfare, was contemplated with composure by many of those who like to be considered the "best citizens", and the scheme was prevented only through the efforts of a small contingent of that kidney whom Matthew Arnold calls the "saving remnant", who cultivated public opinion to revolt. As for the

ancient burying-grounds, the desecrators years ago got in their work to a woeful extent before the preservers could act to check it. This was particularly the case with the King's Chapel and the Granary grounds. Under the direction of a sacrilegious city official, to suit his peasant taste of symmetry, was committed that "most accursed act of vandalism" (so forcibly and justly the generally genial Autocrat characterized it), in the uprooting of many of the upright stones from the graves and the rearranging of them as edge stones by new paths then struck out. This is the act which moved the Autocrat to that clever *mot*, almost compensation for the sacrilege, — that "the old reproach" in epitaphs "of 'Here *lies*' never had such a wholesale illustration as in these outraged burial-places, where the stone does lie above and the bones do not lie beneath." A later attempt to open a pathway across the King's Chapel ground to accommodate passers more directly from Tremont Street to Court Square, proposed by restless city officials, and frankly as an entering wedge for the ultimate sale of the ground for business purposes, or the taking for an extension of the City Hall, was

frustrated alone by the energetic protest of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The battle for the Old State House waged intermittently through forty years, or from the time of the building's relinquishment as the City Hall, in 1841, the last official use to which it was put. During this desolating period it was hideously transformed for trade purposes that the city, whose property it then was, might get the largest rentals from it. Thus it stood a bedraggled thing at the entrance to the opulent center of money and stocks and bonds, a scandal to self-respecting Bostonians, while its demolition was repeatedly agitated as a useless incumbrance in the path of trade. In one of the periodical wrestles between conservators and destroyers when, with the adoption of a street-widening scheme, the building seemed surely doomed, the pride of Boston was touched by a breezy offer from Chicago to buy it and transplant it there, with the promise that Chicago would protect it as an historical monument "that all America should revere." When at length, as in the case of the Common, through the quickening of public sentiment by the "saving remnant", its preservation was secured, and its

restoration had been in part accomplished, its integrity was assailed from an unexpected quarter. The local transit commission seized the street story and the basement for engineers' working offices, and for a tunnel railway station. At this proceeding, the conservators rose to a final and determined move for the reservation of the building by law solely as a national "historic and patriotic memorial", free of all business or commercial encroachments, and its maintenance as such. They got all they sought, except the ousting of the tunnel station. That, as we see, was permitted to abide, and so prevent complete restoration. Yet only to a comparatively slight extent. Except the lower part of this east end, and the foot passage through it, the building appears now fully restored to the outward and inward eighteenth-century aspect. Its occupation, as custodian, by the Bostonian Society, formed to promote the study of the history of Boston and to preserve its antiquities, an outgrowth of the organization of the little band that led fights that ultimately saved the building, is most felicitous. The society's collection of Old Boston rareties, portraits, paintings, prints, manu-

scripts, mementoes, is rich and varied, and a half-day may be engagingly spent in a leisurely review of it.

The Faneuil Hall we see is the "Cradle of Liberty" of pre-Revolutionary days enlarged and embellished in the early nineteenth century to meet the requirements of later generations. It is the second "cradle", erected in 1763 within the frame of the original structure of 1742, doubled in width and elevated a story, and its auditorium doubled in height and supplied with galleries raised on Ionic columns at the line of the old ceiling. Except in parts of the frame — and perhaps in the gilded grasshopper that tops the cupola vane — nothing remains of the house that Peter Faneuil built and gave to the Town, and that the Town in gratitude voted should be called for him "forever."

That house, in January, 1762, when twenty years old, was destroyed by fire, all but its outer shell, like the second Town House burned fifteen years before; and also like it, its successor was built upon the remaining walls. The reconstruction of 1763, however, was practically a reproduction of the original edifice in style and propor-

tions, so that in the present Hall we have traces of the architecture of the Faneuil gift. That structure was distinguished as the design of John Smibert, the Scotch painter, who, establishing his studio in the Town in 1729, was the earliest (if Peter Pelham, the engraver and occasional portrait painter, John Singleton Copley's stepfather, is not to be so classed) to introduce good art in Boston with his portraits of ministers and provincial dignitaries. In the enlargement of the Hall of 1763, and the refashioning of its interior, in 1805, we see the hand of Charles Bulfinch, the pioneer native architect. The Faneuil gift was a handsome edifice, measuring only forty feet in width and a hundred in length, of two stories, the ground story for market use, with open arches, the auditorium above, low studded, the floor accommodating in public meeting a thousand persons. Small as it was, visitors pronounced it, as the Town vote of acceptance termed it, a "noble structure", and a magnificent gift for the times from a single individual. Compared with Captain Keayne's provision for the Town House a century earlier, it was counted princely. But Boston had now so grown in importance as to

Quaint Buildings of Cornhill

warrant such a gift, and it had a pretty number of affluent townsmen who could make a similar donation as comfortably as the generous Huguenot merchant. It was assumed to be the principal town of trade "of any in all the British American colonies." The harbor was busy with shipping. Boston trade was reaching "into every sea." Industries were prospering, regardless of the Parliamentary laws which would suppress colonial manufactures. Several of the merchants were enjoying rich revenues from productive plantations in the West Indies. Refinement and elegance were marking the homes and the customs of the "gentry." "There are several families that keep a coach and a pair of horses, and some few drive with four horses", wrote a Mr. Bennett, Londoner, in Boston about 1740.

Peter Faneuil was reveling in the fortune of his uncle Andrew fresh in his hands, when he made his offer to the Town. Andrew Faneuil had died in 1737, the richest man in Boston, and had bequeathed his handsome estate to his favorite nephew, who already had acquired considerable property through his own activity in business. Peter had moved into his uncle's man-

sion-house, one of the fairest in town, and was stocking it with comforts and luxuries for his own enjoyment and the exercise of an elegant hospitality. "Send me five pipes of your very best Madeira wine of an amber colour, and as this is for my house, be very careful that I have the best", he wrote to one of his business correspondents in London. To another, "Send me the latest best book of the several sorts of cookery, which pray let be of the largest character for the benefit of the maid's reading." Another was requested to buy for him for a house boy, "as likely a straight negro lad", and "one as tractable in disposition" as his correspondent could find. And from London he ordered "a handsome chariot with two sets of harnesses", and the Faneuil arms engraved thereon in the best manner, "but not too gaudy."

The Faneuil mansion was on Tremont Street, opposite the King's Chapel Burying-ground and neighboring historic sites. Just north of it had stood the colonial Governor Bellingham's stone mansion, which he was occupying when first chosen governor in 1641, and the scene of dignified festivities. Next north of Bellingham's was the

humbler house of the great John Cotton and Cotton's friend, debonair Harry Vane's, which adjoined the minister's house. The Cotton house and garden lot were south of the entrance to the present Pemberton Square; and the glebe extended back from the street and up and over the east peak of Beacon Hill, this peak then mounting abruptly and high, and given the minister's name — Cotton Hill. The fair Faneuil mansion, built by the rich Andrew, about 1710, was a broad-faced house of brick, painted white, with a semicircular balcony over the wide front door, and set in a beautiful garden, with terraces rising at the back against the still remaining hill. Here Peter flourished, a generous host, a quietly beneficent citizen, an amiable gentleman, five luxurious years. Then he died suddenly, on the second of March, 1743, of dropsy, in his forty-third year. And as it happened, the first annual Town meeting in the new Hall was held to take action on his death, and to listen to an eulogy of him. His funeral was a grand one. He was buried in the Old Granary Burying-ground in the tomb of his uncle. This tomb was without inscription, marked only by the sculptured arms of

the Faneuil family. The arms, after the lapse of years, failed to identify it, and where Peter was buried became a local query. At length, a delving antiquary rediscovered it, and the good man in simplest orthography inscribed it "P. Funel." Peter's pen portrait a contemporary diarist thus limned: "a fat, brown, squat man, and lame", with a shortened hip from childhood. The same diarist recorded that the writer had heard "he had done more charitable deeds than any man y^{t} lived in the Town."

The rebuilder of the Hall after the fire of 1762 was the Town, aided by a lottery authorized by the Province. The new house was dedicated by James Otis, the patriot orator, he of the "tongue of flame", to the "cause of liberty", and this was the origin of its popular title of the "Cradle of Liberty." The first Hall had also been dedicated to liberty by Faneuil's eulogist, John Lovell, master of the Latin School, but this was qualified — "with loyalty to a king under whom we enjoy that liberty." Had Faneuil lived, he might not have been so well disposed toward the second house, for the Town meetings were now growing hot, and his associates were of the Royalist party.

It was his friend, Thomas Hutchinson, with the Revolution to become an exile, that moved the naming of the original Hall for him. Master Lovell, his eulogist, went off with the British to Halifax. Several of Faneuil's relatives also became refugees. A full-length portrait of him, which the grateful Town ordered painted and hung on the wall of the Hall, disappeared with the Siege. And the Faneuil mansion-house, which by 1772 had come into the possession of a Royalist — that Colonel John Vassall, of Cambridge, whose mansion-house there became Washington's headquarters and the after-day home of Longfellow — was confiscated.

Faneuil Hall was built on Town land, reclaimed from the tide, and when erected stood on the edge of the Town Dock and back of Dock Square. Over the dock in front of it a swing, or "turning," bridge connected Merchants Row from King Street with "Roebuck's Passage" to North Street, and so to the North End. Roebuck's, where now is the north part of Merchants Row, was a lane so narrow, only a cart's width, that teamsters were wont to toss up a coin to settle which should back out for the other, — or sometimes to tarry and argue the matter over their grog in Roe-

buck's Tavern, which gave the passage its name. The dock remained open till after the Revolution, when a portion of the upper part was filled in; but it continued to come up to near the Hall till the Town had become the City. Then, in 1824, the first Mayor Quincy originated a scheme of improvement in this neighborhood, and in a little more than two years he had carried it through, against the persistent opposition of his municipal associates, whose breaths its stupendousness quite took away. Thus where the dock had been, rose the long, architecturally fine, granite Quincy Market House. Also were opened six new streets, a seventh was greatly enlarged, and flats, docks, and wharf rights were obtained to a large extent. And what was more remarkable, as civic enterprises go, this energetic, large-visioned Bostonian had the satisfaction of recording that all had been "accomplished in the center of a populous city not only without any tax, debt, or burden upon its pecuniary resources, but with large permanent additions to its real and productive property." So Quincy's name was added next to Faneuil's in the list of Boston's benefactors.

Dock Square behind Faneuil Hall became early

a market center. Here was the Saturday night meat market of Colony days to which customers were summoned by the cheerful clanging of a bell. In neighboring Corn Court was the colonial corn market. A few years before the erection of Faneuil's gift, the Town instituted a system of general market-houses, setting up three small establishments, the central one in this square, the other two at the then South End, bounded by our Boylston Street, and the North End, in North Square, respectively. At that time the townsfolk were sharply divided on the burning issue of markets at fixed points versus itinerant service, and in or about 1737 the central structure was pulled down by a mob "disguised like clergymen." It was after this performance, and when popular sentiment appeared to be drifting toward the fixed system, that Faneuil made his generous offer to build a suitable market-house on the Town's land at his own cost, on condition that the citizens legalize it and maintain it under proper regulations. But while the Town gave him an unanimous vote of thanks, the offer itself was discussed at an all-day town meeting, and finally accepted by the narrow margin of only seven

votes. That Faneuil's scheme originally contemplated a market-house solely, and the addition of a town-hall was an after suggestion of others, which was no sooner made than was cheerfully adopted by him, was greatly to his credit. And the unkind tradition that when the building was finished and the cost summed up, "Peter scolded a little", does not detract from the merit of his beneficence.

The present bow-shaped Cornhill, picturesque with old shops and buildings, one or two reconstructed in colonial style, is an early nineteenth-century thoroughfare, primarily cut through to connect Court and Tremont streets more directly with Faneuil Hall and its market. Its projectors called it Cheapside, after London's. In a little while, however, it took on the name of Market Street. Then a few years after the old Cornhill had disappeared with Marlborough, Newbury, and Orange, into Washington Street, it assumed the discarded, beloved name of the first link of the first High Waye through the Town. Early in its career it became a favorite place of booksellers' shops; and the old bookstore flavor hangs by it still.

III

COPP'S HILL AND OLD NORTH (CHRIST) CHURCH REGION

THE North End earliest became the most populous part of the Town as well as the first seat of Boston gentility, and about it longest clung the distinctive Old Boston flavor. This flavor remained, indeed, well into the nineteenth century, long after its transformation into the foreign quarter it now essentially is, a little Italy and a good-sized Ghetto, with splashes of Greece, Poland, and Russia. Mellow old Bostonians of to-day remember it as the fascinating quarter of the City down to the eighteen sixties, still retaining, intermixed with alien innovations, a faded, shabby-genteel aspect and delightsome Old Boston characteristics in its native residents and in its architecture. And there are a few venerable folk yet remaining who can recall its appearance in the thirties as Colonel Henry Lee, that rare Boston personage of yesterday, has so charmingly pictured for us, — a "region of old shops, old

taverns, old dwellings, old meeting-houses, old shipyards, old traditions, quaint, historical, romantic"; its narrow streets and narrower alleys "lined with old shops and old houses some of colonial date, with their many gables, their overhanging upper stories, their huge paneled chimneys, interspersed with aristocratic mansions of greater height and pretensions, flanked with outbuildings and surrounded by gardens"; clustered around the base of Copp's Hill, "the old shipyards associated with the invincible 'Old Ironsides' and a series of argosies of earlier or later dates, that had plied every sea on peaceful or warlike errands for two hundred years. The sound of the mallets and the hand axes were still to be heard; the smell of tar regaled the senses; you could chat with caulkers, riggers, and spar makers, and other web-footed brethren who had worked upon these 'pageants of the sea', and you could upon occasion witness the launch of these graceful wonderful masterpieces of their skill."

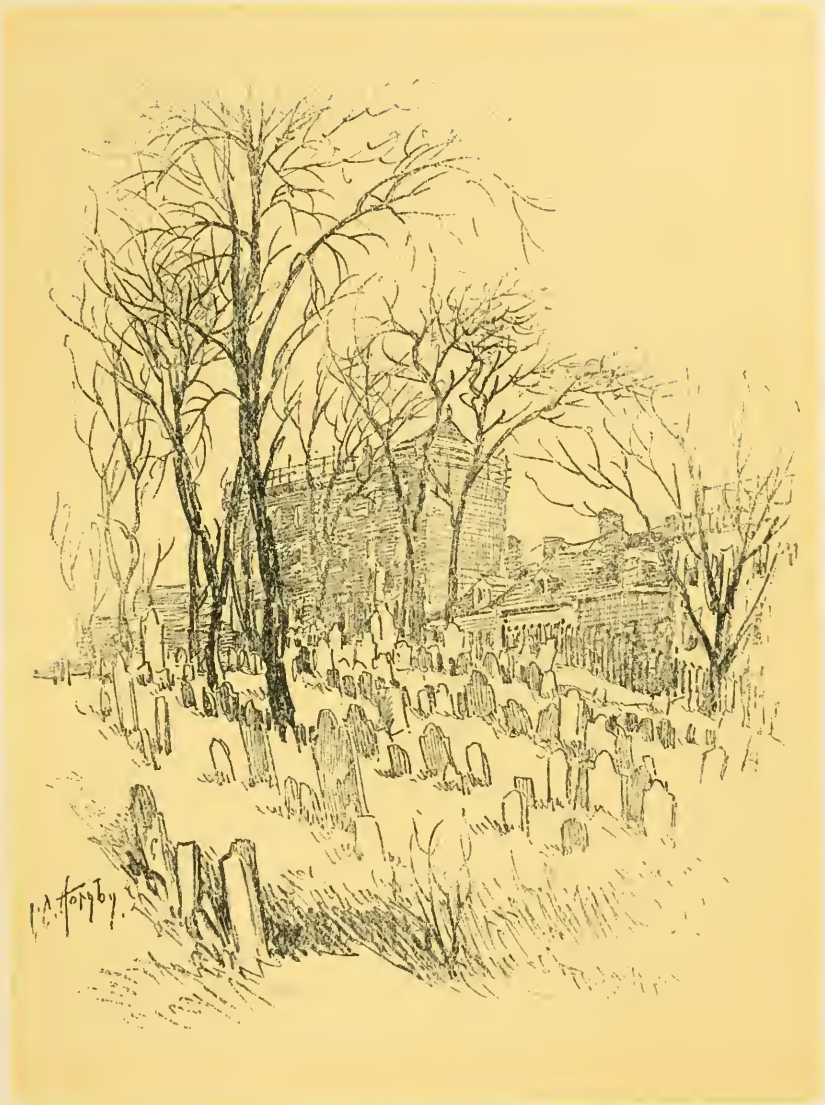
The old-time charm the foreign occupation has not altogether effaced. There still remain the narrow streets and narrower alleys, and most of

them have been permitted to retain their colonial or provincial names, as Salutation, Sun, Moon, Chair, Snowhill. Under the foreign veneer we may find a remnant of a colonial or provincial landmark; or, plastered with foreign signs, the battered front of some provincial worthy's dwelling.

Copp's Hill, reduced in height and circumference and shorn of its spurs, is reserved by the protected burying-ground that crowns it. This ancient burying-ground, Christ Church at its foot, and the "Paul Revere house" in neighboring North Square, constitute the three and only lures of the conventional "Seeing Boston" tourist to this dingy part of the modern city. The lads of Little Italy who swarm about the stranger as he mounts the gentle incline of Hull Street and offer themselves "for a nickel" as guides, can tell you more, or much with more accuracy, of the show points of the locality, than the native born, for they have been well tutored by the school mistresses of the neighborhood schools, and are marvelously quick in absorbing things American.

Though less "dollied up" than the other two

historic graveyards — the King's Chapel and the Granary, in the heart of the city — this enclosure is quainter. It is made up of three or four burying-grounds of different periods, intermingled and appearing as one. The oldest, which most interests us, is the northeasterly part bounded by Charter and Snowhill streets, back from the Hull-street entrance. It dates from 1660, which makes it in point of age next to the King's Chapel ground, the oldest of the three, with the Granary ground a close third, that dating also from 1660 but a few months later than this. The part near Snowhill Street was reserved for the burial of slaves. In other parts are found numerous graves and tombs having monumental stones or slabs with armorial devices handsomely cut upon them; and some with quaint epitaphs. But in this, as in the other historic grounds, the stones in many instances do not mark the graves, for here and there in the laying out of paths stones were shuffled about remorselessly. And many graves are hopelessly lost, for in the dark days of the neglect of the place, stones were filched from their rightful places and utilized in the construction of chimneys on near-by houses, in building drains,



Copp's Hill Burying Ground

and even for doorsteps. Others were pulled up and employed in closing old tombs in place of rotted coverings of plank. There are also cases of changed dates, as 1690 to 1620, and 1695–6 to 1625–6, more than five years before Boston was begun. These ingenious tricks were attributed to bad North End boys. A latter-day honest superintendent succeeded, through painstaking research, in recovering quite a number of the filched stones, and reset them in the ground, but with no relation to the graves they originally marked, for that was impossible.

Popular historic features of the hill other than the burying-ground concern the Revolution. Young America loves to point to the site of the redoubt which the Britishers threw up at the Siege, whence Burgoyne directed the fire of the battery during the Battle of Bunker Hill, and whence were shot the shells that set Charlestown ablaze. This work was in the southwest corner of the burying-ground. Then the summit was considerably higher than now, and the side of the hill fronting Charlestown was abrupt. The American schoolboy will tell you, too, how the British soldiers, during the Siege, amused themselves by

making targets of the gravestones in the old burying-ground; and how the tablet on the tomb of Captain Daniel Malcom, merchant, boldly inscribed "A true Son of Liberty, a Friend of the Publick, an enemy to Oppression, and one of the foremost in Opposing the Revenue Acts in America", was the most peppered with their bullets, and bears the marks of them to this day. In provincial times the hill was a favorite resort of the North Enders for celebrating holidays or momentous events. Tradition tells of monstrous bonfires on the summit on occasions of the receipt of great news. That in celebration of the surrender of Quebec, when "forty-five tar barrels, two cords of wood, a mast, spar, and boards, with fifty pounds of powder" were set off, must have been the grandest of its kind in Boston's history. At the same time a bonfire of smaller proportions, yet big, was made on Fort Hill. It is related that on this gloriously festive occasion there were provided, at the cost of the Province, as were the bonfires, "thirty-two gallons of rum and much beer." After the Revolution, on the seventeenth of June, 1786, when the Charles River bridge, the first bridge to be built from

the Town to the mainland, was opened, guns were fired from where the British redoubt had been, simultaneously with the guns from Bunker Hill, while the chimes of Christ Church joined in a merry peal.

Christ Church, dating from 1723, the second Church of England establishment in Boston, and the oldest church now standing in the city, we see newly and faithfully restored to its original appearance, its parish house refurbished, the churchyard brushed up and lined with fresh young poplars, and the whole under the protecting wing of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. As a landmark of the Church of England in Puritan Boston, it is interesting to the churchman. But as a rare example of the so-called New England classic in architecture, it has a wider interest. In general outlines it follows Sir Christopher Wren's St. Anne's, Blackfriars. A substantial body of brick, with side walls of stone two and a half feet thick, and the belfry-tower with walls a foot thicker, the structure surely gave warrant for the hope expressed in the prayer of the Reverend Samuel Myles, the devout rector of King's Chapel, at the laying of the

corner-stone: "May the gates of Hell never prevail against it." The original spire surmounting the tower, attributed to William Price, was blown down in an October gale in 1802, but the present one, built in 1807, from a model by Bulfinch, is said to be a faithful reproduction of it in proportions and symmetry. The tower chimes, comprising eight sweet-toned bells, still the most melodious in the city, were hung in 1744, and were the first peal brought to the country, from England, as the inscription on one of them states — "we are the first ring of Bells cast for the British Empire in North America, A. R., 1744." Each bell tells its own story, or records a date of the church, or a sentiment, inscribed around its crown. They were bought by subscription of the wealthy parishioners. A few years after their installation, a guild of eight bell-ringers, all young men, was formed, one of whom is said to have been Paul Revere. The tablet on the tower front relates the story that Revere's signal lanterns that "warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord", were "displayed in the steeple of this church April 18, 1775"; and the story is firmly fixed in the

Christ Church

official guide to the church; yet there are those who question the statement, and as firmly fix in history the place of the lights to be the belfry or steeple of the genuine "Old North" Church — the meeting-house that stood in North Square till the Siege, when it was pulled down by the British soldiers and used for firewood.

In the restored interior we find in place all the choice relics that embellished the provincial church, and of which the guide-books tell: the brass chandeliers, spoil of a privateersman; the statuettes in front of the organ, intended for a Canadian convent and captured by a Boston-owned privateer from a French ship during the French and Indian War of 1746, and presented by the privateer's commander, a parishioner; the "Vinegar" Bible, and the prayer-books bearing the royal arms, given by George II in 1733. And among the mural ornaments, — the bust of Washington said to have been modeled from a plaster bust made in Boston in 1790, and the first memorial of Washington set up in a public place. Beneath the church and the tower are many tombs. In one of these was temporarily buried Major Pitcairn of the British Marines, he who

led the advance guard at Lexington and Concord with that cry, "Disperse, ye Rebels!" which brought upon that amiable gentleman-soldier, beloved of his men, the odium of the Americans, and who fell mortally wounded at Bunker Hill. The gruesome tale is told that when his relatives in England sent for his remains, and his monument was placed in Westminster Abbey, the perplexed sexton, unable to identify them, substituted another body, that of a British lieutenant who had resembled him in figure and height, which was duly forwarded as Major Pitcairn's.

From the belfry of Christ Church, Gage witnessed the Battle of Bunker Hill. From the same point of view the Artist makes a picture of Bunker Hill Monument of to-day for our English guest.

In North Square we are in the once fair center of provincial elegance completely metamorphosed. Save the colonial touch in the little old Paul Revere house, with projecting second story, and the colonial names of the diverging ways — Moon, Sun Court and Garden Court streets — all semblance of Oldest Boston is stamped out. Antiquary can only indicate the spots where "here stood"; imagination must do the rest.

We remarked the Revere house as worth more than a passing glance merely as the dwelling-place of Longfellow's hero of the Revolution. It was old when Revere bought it in 1770, for it was built after the "great fire" of November, 1676, — the sixth "great fire" in the Puritan Town, — and, moreover, it replaces the house of Increase Mather, the parsonage of the First North Church, which went down with the meeting-house and nearly fifty other dwelling-houses, in that disaster. Revere moved here from Fish Street (Ann, now North) perhaps before 1770, and it was his home from that time till 1800, when, having prospered in his cannon and bell foundry, he bought a grander house on neighboring Charter Street, by Revere Place, where he spent the remainder of his days, and died in 1818. His foundry, which he established after the peace, was near the foot of Foster Street, not far from his Charter Street house.

It was in the upper windows of this little, low-browed, North Square house that Revere displayed those awful illuminated pictures upon the evening of the first anniversary of the "Boston Massacre", which as we read in the *Boston*

Gazette of that week, struck the assemblage drawn hither with "solemn silence" while "their countenances were covered with a melancholy gloom." And well might they have shuddered. In the middle window appeared a realistic view of the "Massacre." The north window held the "Genius of Liberty," a sitting figure, holding aloft a liberty cap, and trampling under foot a soldier hugging a serpent, the emblem of military tyranny. In the south window an obelisk displaying the names of the five victims stood behind a bust of the boy, Snyder, who was killed a few days before the affair by a Tory "informer" in the struggle with a crowd before a shop, "marked" secretly as a Tory shop to be boycotted; and in the background, a shadowy, gory figure, beneath which was this couplet: "Snider's pale ghost fresh bleeding stands, And Vengeance for his death demands!" Revere was indeed a stalwart patriot, but he was no artist, and the execution of these presentations may have contributed no small part to the gloom of the populace contemplating them.

We pointed out the site of the first North Church and its successor, built upon its ruins the

year after the fire, which became the Old North —at the head of the square between Garden Court and Moon Streets. Nothing is preserved to us in picture or adequate description of either of these meeting-houses of the Second Church of Boston, which was formed in 1649, and for more than three-quarters of a century, from 1664, the pulpit of the famous Mathers —Increase; Cotton, son of Increase; and Samuel, son of Cotton. Although the house of 1677 was close upon a century old at the Revolution, it is said to have been still a fairly rugged building, and its destruction by the British soldiers for fuel during that cold winter of the Siege is called wanton by the historians. The Church remained homeless, though not dispersed, from the beginning of the Siege to 1779, when it acquired a meeting-house on Hanover Street near by.

Increase Mather, after the burning of his house in the fire of 1676, built on Hanover Street, just below Bennett Street, and a remnant of this house, number 350, we may yet see, covered with foreign signs. Cotton Mather passed a part of his boyhood in the Hanover Street house. After he became the minister of the North Church, he

bought a brick mansion-house hard by, also on Hanover Street, which the first minister of the North Church, John Mayo, had occupied. Samuel Mather's house was on Moon Street. The tomb of the Mathers we saw in Copp's Hill Burying-ground. North Square was a military rendezvous during the Siege. Barracks were here, and the fine houses in the neighborhood were used as quarters for the officers. Major Pitcairn was occupying the Robert Shaw mansion, which stood opposite Revere's little house, when he went to his fate at Breed's Hill.

In Garden Court Street we pointed to the sites of two of those aristocratic mansions of which Colonel Lee spoke, in height and pretension overtopping their neighbors. These were the Hutchinson and the Clark-Frankland mansions, stateliest of their day, which have figured in romance and story. They formed, with their courtyards and gardens, the west side of the court. The Hutchinson's garden back of the house extended to Hanover and Fleet Streets.

The Hutchinson mansion was built in 1710 for the opulent merchant, Thomas Hutchinson, father of the more eminent Thomas Hutchinson, historian,

Bunker Hill Monument from the Belfry of Christ Church

chief justice, royal governor; the Clark-Frankland followed two or three years after, built for William Clark, as rich a merchant as Hutchinson, and somewhat grander to outvie his neighbor. Clark died in 1742 and was buried in a grand sculptured vault in Copp's Hill Burying-ground, which some years after was taken possession of by a lawless sexton who caused his own name to be inscribed above the merchant's; and when he came to die his humbler remains were deposited in the merchant's place.

The Clark-Frankland mansion acquired its hyphenated title after Clark's day, with its purchase in 1756 by Sir Harry Frankland, gallant and favored, great-grandson of Frances Cromwell, daughter of the Protector, who chose to be collector of Boston rather than governor of the Province when George II offered him his choice, and who became the lover of lovely Agnes Surriage, maid of the Fountain Inn in old Marblehead, the heroine of Holmes' ballad and Bynner's novel. Here Sir Harry brought the beautiful girl, now his wife, and the handsome pair richly entertained the gentry of the Town, with the assistance of Thomas, the French cook, mention of whose

hiring at fifteen dollars a month Sir Harry makes in his diary. They lived here but one short year, when Sir Harry was transferred to Lisbon, this time as consul. After his death, in England, in 1768, the Lady Agnes returned to Boston and to this mansion, and remained till the outbreak of the Revolution. The story of the gallant courtesies that attended her leaving the Town at the Siege is one of the prettiest of the incidents of that troublous time. After the Siege, she went back to England, and presently married a country banker and lived serenely ever after, till her death in 1783.

The Hutchinson mansion was the birthplace of Thomas Hutchinson, 2d, and here, and at his country-seat in the beautiful suburb of Milton, he lived through his whole career, till his departure to England in June, 1775, before the Battle of Bunker Hill, to report to the king the state of affairs in Boston, never to return, but to die there in exile yearning for his old home. That he meant to be true to Boston, to which he was devotedly attached, is now beyond question. In this Garden Court house, Hutchinson wrote his "History of Massachusetts," and when the mansion was

wickedly sacked by the anti-Stamp Act mob, on an August night of 1765, his priceless manuscripts were scattered about the court with his fine books and other treasures; but, happily, a neighbor gathered them up, and so they were saved. The two mansions lingered till 1833, when the widening of Bell Alley as an extension of Prince Street swept them away. Colonel Lee remembered them in their picturesque decadence festooned with Virginia creeper.

Returning from the North End by way of Hanover Street, we make a detour through short, winding Marshall Lane — the sign foolishly says Street — which issues on Union Street, and was originally a short cut from Union Street to the Mill Creek which connected the North, or Mill, Cove, with the Great Cove. Here, set into the corner building above the sidewalk, we come upon the "Boston Stone, 1737", a familiar provincial landmark. It is the remnant, we explain, of a paint mill brought out from England about the year 1700 and used by a painter who had his shop here. The round stone was the grinder. The monument was placed after the painter's day, in imitation of the London Stone, to serve

as a direction for shops in the neighborhood. The painter's shop was known as the "Painter's Arms" from his carved sign fashioned after the arms of the Painter's Guild in London, and still preserved as an ornament, set in the Hanover Street face of the corner building, on the site of the shop. A similar guide post, called the "Union Stone", was at a later day placed at the Union-street entrance of the lane, before the low, brick, pitch-roofed, little eighteenth-century building we see yet lingering on the upper corner here. This house was in latter provincial times Hope-still Capen's fashionable dry goods shop, in which, in his handsome youth, Benjamin Thompson of Woburn, later to become the famous Count Rumford, and named with Benjamin Franklin as "the most distinguished for philosophical genius that this country had produced", was an apprenticed clerk quite popular with the lady customers.

Turning into Union Street, and so to Hanover Street again, we pass the site, somewhere in the street-way at this junction, of the dwelling and chandlery shop of Josiah Franklin, Benjamin Franklin's father, at the sign of the Blue Ball,

The Paul Revere House, North Square

where Benjamin spent his boyhood. The landmark remained till the late eighteen fifties, when it disappeared with a widening of Hanover Street. But the Blue Ball still remains, an honored relic in the Bostonian Society's collection in the Old State House. On Union Street, across Hanover, where is a tunnel station, we have the site of a famous Revolutionary landmark — the Green Dragon Tavern, headquarters of the patriot leaders; where the "Tea Party" was organized; where later met the North End Caucus, chief of the political clubs that gave the name caucus to our American political nomenclature; the rendezvous of the night patrol of Boston mechanics instituted to watch upon British and Tory movements before Lexington and Concord. The Green Dragon was also the first home of the Freemasons, when, in 1752, the pioneer St. Andrew Lodge was organized, and, in 1769, the first Grand Lodge of the Province, with Joseph Warren — the Warren who fell at Bunker Hill — as master.

IV

THE COMMON AND ROUND ABOUT

"FOR their domestic amusement, every afternoon after drinking tea, the gentlemen and ladies walk the Mall and from thence adjourn to one another's houses to spend the evening — those that are not disposed to attend the evening lecture, which they may do, if they please, six nights in seven the year round. What they call the Mall is a walk on a fine green Common adjoining to the southwest side of the Town. It is near half a mile over, with two rows of young trees planted opposite to each other, with a fine footway between in imitation of St. James's Park; and part of the bay of the sea which encircles the Town, taking its course along the northwest side of the Common — by which it is bounded on the one side, and by the country on the other — forms a beautiful canal in view of the walk."

This dainty picture of the early eighteenth-century Common, and the earliest picture we have

of Boston Common in any detail, was recalled as we three sauntered on to the beautiful preserve of to-day of nearly fifty acres in the heart of the city, entering from the busy Tremont and Park streets corner amidst the throngs in continuous passage to and from the Subway stations. It is the Englishman Bennett's picture, our English visitor was told, of Boston Common as he saw it, presumably about the year 1740. The Mall he portrays so engagingly as the Town's social promenade, is the Mall alongside Tremont Street. When Bennett wrote, this was the only Mall, as it had been in Colony days, when the visiting Josselyn pictured the rustics with their "marmalet-madams" perambulating the Common of evenings "till the Nine a Clock Bell rings them home to their respective habitations"; and it remained the only one till after the Revolution. West of it the whole reserve was used as the military training field and pasturage for cattle, for which it was originally set apart at the beginning of Boston. Or, as is recorded on the handsomely framed tablet we observe against the Park Street fence at the entrance, with the purchase of the whole peninsula in 1634, save his

home-lot of six acres on Beacon Hill, from the hospitable Englishman, Blaxton, in comfortable possession here when the colonists arrived.

The Mall in Bennett's time, with its double row of young elms, was finished off with a few sycamores at the northerly end and poplars at the southerly end, all set out only a few years before. Beyond these, save one solitary elm in the middle of the Common, and a great one, — for there are legends of the hanging of witches, if not of Quakers, from its rugged branches, — the reserve was treeless; and it remained practically so through the Province period. A picture of the date of 1768 shows the "Great Elm" and a lonely sapling far out in the open. Until a few years before Bennett saw it, the Common had no fences. The front fences, set up in 1733-1734, and 1737, were railings along the easterly and northerly sides. These were the fences that the British soldiers encamped on the Common used for their campfires during the Siege; the trees were saved from destruction by Howe's orders, at the earnest solicitation of the selectmen, and especially of John Andrews, who lived near by, an act for which the Bostonians were, or should have been, grate-

ful. An inner fence, parallel with the inner row of elms, protected the Mall from the grazing field. From the outset the trees on the Mall were carefully guarded by the townsfolk, and orders were occasionally passed in Town meeting whipping up the selectmen to protect individual trees when threatened. The year that the inner row on the Mall was planted, 1734, a Town meeting order offered a reward of forty shillings to the informer against any persons guilty of cutting down or despoiling any tree then here or that might be planted in the future. The protection of the Common from injury or abuse was a matter of concern in the earliest times. Orders appeared in the sixteen fifties against "annoying" the Common by spreading "trash", or laying any carrion or other "stinkeing thing" upon it. Thus we see a wholesome solicitude for the Common, and a lively sense of its value is an inheritance from Old Boston. Yet it barely escaped ruin more than once in old days. In its very first year an attempt to have it divided up in allotments was only frustrated through the action of Governor Winthrop and John Cotton. After the Revolution, the disposal of a considerable part

of it to be cut up into lots was checked by the personal exertion of that John Andrews who saved the trees during the Siege.

The fence of 1734 on the easterly side was at first provided with openings opposite the streets and lanes entering Tremont — then Common — Street, "Blott's Lane", our Winter Street, West Street, and "Hogg Lane", Avery Street. Very soon, however, these openings were closed up by a Town meeting order, because the Common had become "much broken and the herbage spoiled by means of carts &c. passing and repassing over it," and a single entrance for "carts, coaches, &c." out of Common Street, provided at the northerly side where is Park Street. After the Revolution, in 1784, when great improvements in various parts of the Common were begun, at the cost of a fund subscribed by generous townsmen for the purpose, the fences were restored, and a third row of elms was planted on this Mall. But the larger improvements, the laying out of other malls and of cross paths, and systematic tree-planting in the open, giving the enclosure a more general park aspect, were all after the second decade of the nineteenth century. The spacious Beacon Street Mall

was the first of the new esplanades, laid out in 1815–1816; and the magnificent breadth and sweep of it, greatly to the credit of the broad-visioned designers and their artistic sense, was the model for the others that followed. When told that the Beacon Street Mall was paid for from a subscription raised in 1814 for the purpose of providing for the defense of Boston against a contemplated English attack, which was n't made, in the War of 1812, our Englishman observed, with a twinkle of eye, that it was a much finer disposition of the money. The Park Street and the Charles Street Malls followed in 1822–1824, the first Mayor Quincy's time; and the Boylston Street Mall in 1836, thus completing the encircling of the Common by malls. At that time the iron fence was placed, and parts of it still remain on three sides. The handsome gates forming part of this extensive structure long ago disappeared, to the sorrow of many citizens. The handsome Boylston Street Mall was destroyed by the building of the Subway in the eighteen nineties. The Tremont Street Mall was also sadly despoiled at the same time, magnificent English elms falling under the axe, to mournful dirges of hosts of

On the Common, Showing Park Street Church

Bostonians. And after the completion of the Subway beneath it, sapient city authorities bereft the Mall of its old distinctive name of Tremont Street, and, in a burst of belated patriotism, substituted that of Lafayette; because, forsooth, that well-beloved Frenchman passed by the Mall along Tremont Street with the escorting procession, upon his memorable visit in 1824.

The integrity of the Common rests first, on the order of the Town, March 30, 1640, declaring that "henceforth" no land within the reservation as then defined be granted "eyther for house-plotts or garden to any pson"; second, on an order of May 18, 1646, prohibiting the gift, sale, or exchange of any "common marish or Pastur Ground" without consent of "y^{e} major p^{t} of y^{e} inhabitants of y^{e} towne": thus preserving the power of control of the Common with the legal voters; and, third, on a section of the city charter reserving the Common and Faneuil Hall from lease or sale by the city council, in whose hands the care, custody, and arrangement of the city's property were placed. The title is in the deposition of the four "ancient men", in 1684, the essence of which is the inscription on the tablet

at the Park Street entrance. In the absence of a recorded title, if any were given by Blaxton, this deposition was obtained after the annulment of the Colony Charter, when the proprietors under that instrument were threatened with loss of their estates, on the pretext that their grants had not passed under the charter seal. The four "ancient men" were among the last survivors of the first comers. The Common's bounds originally extended on the easterly side across the present Tremont Street to Mason Street, opening from West Street; and northward as far as Beacon Street, including the square now bounded by Park, Tremont and Beacon streets. Thus it is seen the Granary Burying-ground and Park Street were taken from it.

So much for the topographical history of the Common. While we were dutifully outlining this history, the Englishman was absorbing the exquisite vistas from Park Street Church up Tremont Street and the Mall; and from the meeting-house up Park Street to the noble old Bulfinch front of the State House. Then he turned toward the meeting-house itself — the "perfectly felicitous Park Street Church," as Henry James calls it —

and admired the beauty of its site as the focal center of rich city vistas, and its "values" as an architectural monument, the grace of its composition, its crowning feature of tower and tall, slender, graceful steeple recalling Wren's St. Bride's, Fleet Street.

While this church is less a monument of Old Boston than the Old South, King's Chapel, and Christ Church, it is classed with the historic group because of its associations, as remarkable in their way as those of the others, and on account of its character as one of the finest types of the few remaining examples of the colonial church architecture. It dates from 1809–1810, erected for the church founded in 1808 to revive Trinitarianism, and directly to combat the Unitarian invasion which, starting with the establishment of King's Chapel, after the Revolution, as the first Unitarian church in America, had overwhelmed all the Orthodox churches in Boston except the Old South. Channing was then preaching in the Federal Street Church; William Emerson, the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the First Church; John Lathrop in the Second Church; Charles Lowell, James Russell Lowell's

father, in the West Church; John Thornton Kirkland in the New South, to go from that pulpit in 1810 to the presidency of Harvard; while in 1805 Henry Ware, Sr., a pronounced Unitarian, had been duly made Hollis Professor of Divinity in the Divinity School. The old Calvinism was preached with such fervor in the new Park-Street that local wits early christened the angle it faces "Brimstone Corner", by which name it has been affectionately called ever since. Yet it is the coldest of Boston corners, and around it the harsh wintry winds swirl and snap and sting, and the proposal of Thomas Gold Appleton, rare coiner of Boston *mots* in his day, that the city fathers tether a shorn lamb here, is counted with the happier of Boston sayings.

The architect of the church was Peter Banner, an Englishman then ranking locally with Bulfinch, while the capitals of the beautiful steeple were designed by Solomon Willard, a native American architect, the designer of Bunker Hill Monument, next in prominence after Bulfinch. Only six years before the church was erected Park Street had been laid out and built, from plans by Bulfinch. This street had been from

Colony times a lane called "Centry", or "Sentry", because it led to Beacon Hill (the highest peak of which early had that name) and it had been lined with grim old public buildings — the Granary at the lower end; the Workhouse and Bridewell; and the Almshouse at the upper end at Beacon Street (which, by the way, started humbly as "the lane leading to the almshouse"). Among these the Granary was unique. It was a paternal institution established by the town authorities in or about 1662 to supply grain to the poor or to those who desired to buy in small quantities, at an advance on the wholesale price of not more than ten per cent. A committee for the purchase of the grain, and a keeper of the Granary, were appointed annually by the selectmen. The building, a long, unlovely, wooden thing, had a capacity of some twelve thousand bushels. It was first set up on the then upper side of the Common within the plot occupied by the Granary Burying-ground, but in 1737 was removed to this corner. Then the burying-ground, which before had been called the South, took on its name. The Granary went out of service with the Revolution, and became a place of minor town offices

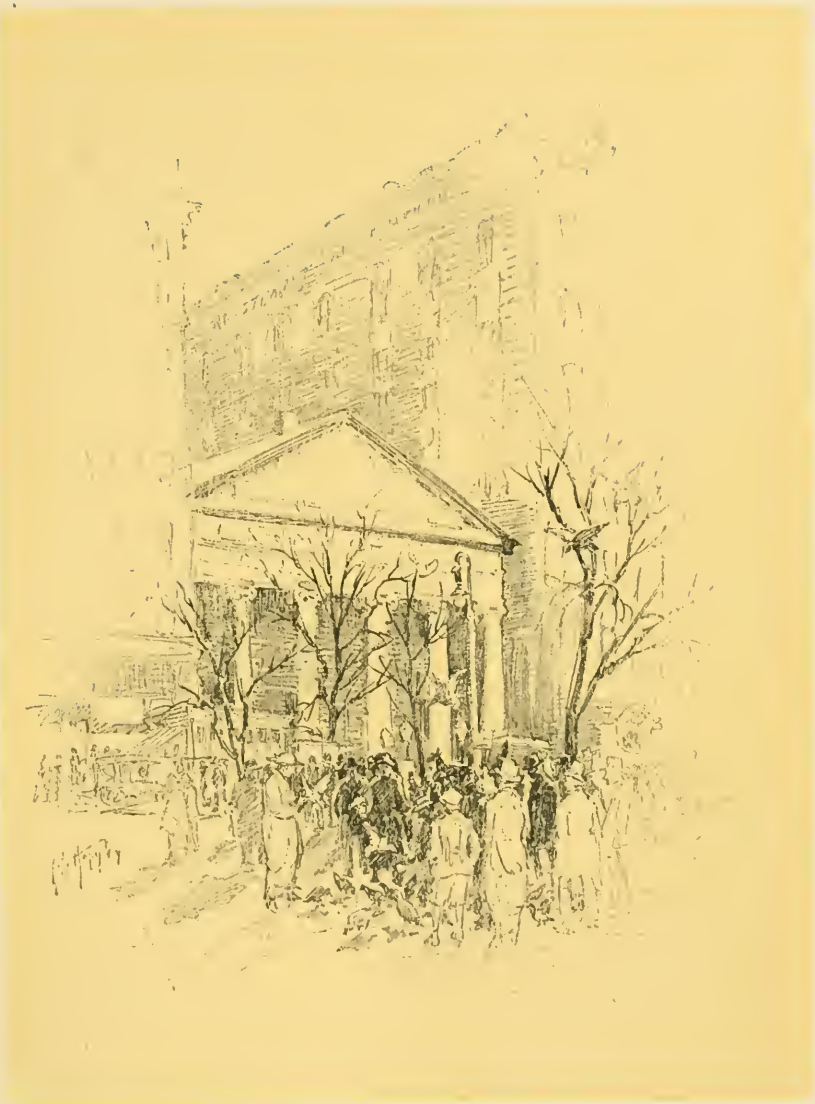
and small shops. These buildings were done away with, and Park Street was begun in 1803 as a dignified approach to the new Bulfinch State House which had been erected in 1795. Where the Workhouse and Bridewell had been, appeared in 1804–1805 a row of fine Bulfinch houses. In 1804 in place of the old gambrel-roofed Almshouse rose an expansive mansion-house of the favored provincial type, built for Thomas Amory, merchant. Then the church replaced the Granary, handsomely finishing the entrance corner. Of the Bulfinch houses we see two or three yet remaining, transformed for business purposes. They were the homes at one time and another of Bostonians of leading. The attention of the Englishman was pointed to that numbered 4 as interesting from its association with the Quincy family. It became the home of the first Mayor Quincy after his retirement from the presidency of Harvard in 1854, and was occupied by him through the rest of his long and useful life, which closed in June, 1864, in his ninety-third year. His next door neighbor, at Number 3, was Josiah Quincy, Jr., the second Mayor Quincy, whose term covered the years

1846–1848. Number 2, now rebuilt, was the last Boston house of John Lothrop Motley, in 1868–1869, prior to his appointment as United States minister to England. Number 8, now the spacious home of the Union Club, was originally the town house of Abbott Lawrence of the distinguished Boston brother merchants, "A. & A. Lawrence", and minister to the Court of St. James, appointed in 1849. Of the Amory house that replaced the Almshouse we also see a remnant reconstructed for business, and so happily as to retain something of its old-time air. It was the house which Lafayette occupied as the guest of the city during his stay in Boston on his visit of 1824. The part on Park Street (it was made with extensions into two and then four dwellings after Amory's time) has an added interest as the home of the scholarly George Ticknor from 1830 till his death in 1871, where in his handsome library overlooking the Common he leisurely wrote his "History of Spanish Literature", the work upon which he was engaged for twenty years.

It was going down this famous Park Street, we rather slyly told the Englishman, that Charles Sumner relieved Thackeray of a bundle that, true

to his insular tradition, he was loath to carry. "The story itself may be only a tradition", answered the Englishman.

On Tremont Street alongside the Mall — or Common Street as this part of the way continued to be called till the Town had become the City — houses were scant when Bennett wrote in 1740. Even when Park Street Church was built, there were only two houses on the street of more than one story, it is said. The first estate of note here appears to have been of the middle province period. It comprised a mansion-house on the Winter Street corner with a spacious garden extending down Winter Street and back of the present Hamilton Place. This seat certainly had notable associations. It was occupied by the troublesome royal governor, Sir Francis Bernard, during a part at least of his term from 1760 to his recall in 1769. During the Siege, it was one of the several headquarters of Earl Percy. After the Revolution, in 1780, it came into the possession of Samuel Breck, a Boston merchant of wealth and some distinction, who largely improved it. Then, as described in the "Recollections" of his son Samuel, it was, "for a city



On Boston Common Mall in front of old Saint Paul's

residence", "remarkably fine", with an acre of ground around the house divided into kitchen and flower gardens. While the Brecks had the place, the flower gardens were kept in neat order and, open to public view through a "palisade of great beauty", were the admiration of all. The "Recollections" tell of a fête in these gardens given by the elder Breck on the news of the birth of the dauphin. "Drink", they relate, was distributed from hogsheads, while "the whole town was made welcome to the plentiful tables within doors." Mr. Breck, removing to Philadelphia, in 1792 sold the estate to his brother-in-law, John Andrews, — the same of whom we spoke as the principal saver of the trees on this Mall at the time of the Siege, — also a Boston merchant of standing; and thereafter Mr. Andrews was its hospitable occupant till his death some years later. This Andrews was an unconscious contributor to local history, through a bundle of letters, racy and vivid, that he wrote from Boston during the Siege, which in after years came into the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. They give the most intimate details of affairs and life in the beleaguered Town that we have in

the chronicles of that time. He was then occupying a house on School Street just below the foot-passage to Court Square: and the day after the Evacuation he entertained Washington at a dinner there.

On Winter Street, midway down, the site now marked by a tablet attached to the Winter Place side of the great store of Shepard, Norwell Company that covers it, was the house which Samuel Adams occupied during the last twenty years of his life, and where he died. This had been a royalist house and so confiscated. The house in which the patriot leader lived in the pre-Revolutionary period, and where he was born, was toward the water front, near Church Green. During the Siege it was practically ruined.

Where St. Paul's stands and the towering shops which frame and dwarf it, was another late provincial estate that rivaled the Breck-Andrews place in extent, spreading between Winter and West streets. After the Revolution this was for a while known as the Swan place, from Colonel James Swan, its owner at that time, a remarkable man. He had been a merchant, a member of the "Boston Tea Party", soldier of the Revolu-

tion, friend of Lafayette, speculator. Going to Paris, he had made a fortune there and lost it. After a brief season at home he returned to Paris, and engaging in large ventures during and after the French Revolution, acquired another fortune. Then he spent the last twenty-two years of his life in a French prison for a debt "not of his contracting", and one which he deemed unjust. With constant litigation, judgment was finally in his favor, but he died a day or two after his release. Subsequent to the Swans' day, mansion-house and estate were transformed into the "Washington Gardens", a Boston Vauxhall, with its little amphitheater, or circus, its games, and other mildly alluring attractions. The Gardens were first opened for performances in July, 1815, and flourished for a considerable time.

St. Paul's Church, now the Episcopal Cathedral, dates from 1819–1820, and, counting King's Chapel, was the fourth Episcopal church to be built in Boston. Its founders were a group of men of wealth and prominence in the community, mostly parishioners of Trinity, the third Episcopal organization, founded in 1728, only five years after Christ Church; the edifice was

then on Summer Street, north side, near Washington Street. Their purpose was to erect a costly and architecturally impressive church building; and when their Grecian-like temple of stone was finished, it seemed to them, as Phillips Brooks has said, "a triumph of architectural beauty and of fitness for the Church's service." It was the first monument in the Town of the Greek revival in architecture. The architects were Alexander Parris, an American engineer-architect, who afterward built the Quincy Market House; and Solomon Willard. Willard carved the Ionic capitals. It was planned to fill the pediment with a bas-relief representing Paul preaching at Athens, but the fund was insufficient to meet the expense of the work. Therefore, the rough stone we see was put in temporarily, to become a permanent fixture. In one of the tombs beneath the church Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, was first buried, the remains afterward being removed to Forest Hills Cemetery in Roxbury, his birthplace. In another was interred the historian Prescott.

In 1810–1811 appeared "Colonnade Row", the most notable embellishment of the way before the erection of St. Paul's — a range of twenty-four

handsome brick houses, designed by Bulfinch, extending from the south corner of West Street to the opening of Mason Street upon the thoroughfare. The name of Colonnade was given the row from the columns supporting a second-story balcony along the front, which constituted a striking feature of most of the houses. The elegance of their design and their superb situation, overlooking the Mall and the Common's expansive green to the open bay and the hills beyond, made them inviting to families of means; and Colonnade Row was at once admitted to the best society. After Lafayette's visit, the name was changed, in the Frenchman's honor, to "Fayette Place"; but this was retained only about a dozen years, when the old one was restored. The range held their ground as stately dwellings into the eighteen sixties. Then slowly one by one they were made over for business uses. Parts of façades of a few of them we yet discern in the present line of varied architecture. At the end of the Mall and looking across to the Hotel Touraine, we have the site of the modest mansion-house in which President John Quincy Adams sometime lived, and where was born his son, Charles Francis

Adams, minister to England during the Civil War.

In the old days the train bands at muster spread all over the preserve with this Mall as the coign of vantage, we observed, as we three now turned into a side path to cross malls and paths trending westward. On the annual muster day in October, the Mall was lined with booths and tents for the sale of enticing edibles and drinkables — egg-nog, rum punch, spruce beer. Jollity and fun reigned throughout that holiday, albeit in Colony times the trainings opened and closed with prayer. All the train bands of the town and county were assembled. The line was formed alongside of the inner fence of the Mall and extended from Park Street to the Burying-ground here on the south side. There being no trees to interfere, the military evolutions occupied the whole field. Grand reviews filled up the morning hours, and the afternoon was devoted to sham fights. The fights were performed on the present parade ground on the west side. The training field remained the whole preserve till the nineteenth century. It was reduced to the limits of the parade ground in the eighteen fifties.

Across the Frog Pond to the old houses of Beacon Hill

The pasturage continued open till 1830; then the cows were finally banished.

Of the colonial tragedies of the Common we could point to no definite landmarks. Just where the "witches" were hanged, and the Quakers, cannot to-day be told. Even that the Quakers were hanged anywhere on the Common is now a question. Mr. M. J. Canavan, one of the most thorough of latter-day delvers into the truths of Boston's history, and whose dictum on any nice point is accepted as authoritative, has thrown the Dry-as-dusts into dismay with the assertion that the four Quakers were hanged on Boston Neck, and seemingly proving it. Till Canavan spoke, the Dry-as-dusts were as sure that the Common was the place of their hanging as that they were hanged. Nor can we fix exactly the spot where the Indian, son of Matoonas, was hanged for murder in 1671, and where "a part of his body was to be seen upon a gibbet for five years after." Nor precisely the place of the execution by shooting, in 1676, of brave old Matoonas himself, for his participation in King Philip's War, betrayed into the authorities' hands by tribal enemies, who were permitted to be his

executioners. It can only be said that these, and the many other spectacular executions of men and women in the grim old days on this fair Green, were performed generally, if not invariably, on its western side. At first, it appears, the gallows was at or about the solitary "Great Elm," and afterward was placed nearer the bottom of the Common, where the victims were hastily buried in the loose gravel of the beach there. We may imagine the scene of the hanging of the "witches" in 1648 and 1656, from gallows on the knoll neighboring the "Old Elm", the site of which we find occupied by a descendant, and marked by a tablet. There were only two sacrifices to the witchcraft delusion here in Boston, and eight years apart; but the victims, as at Salem thirty-six and forty-four years later, were both women of talents above the common, and the delusion was deep-seated. After the first victim, Margaret Jones, had breathed her last, it was gravely recorded that "the same day and hour she was executed there was a very great tempest at Connecticut which blew down many trees, &c." Perhaps it was at the solitary "Great Elm" that Matoonas was shot, for we read that he was

"tied to a tree." Maybe the holiday Ancient and Honorable warriors perform their evolutions on the parade ground on Artillery Election day, the first Monday of June, over the graves of the executed band of Indian prisoners, some thirty of them, of King Philip's War. Or again, maybe they march and countermarch over the place where fell the British grenadier shot for desertion in 1768, the two British regiments then quartered in Boston "being present under arms." On the parade ground, too, may have been the spectacle, after the Province had become the Commonwealth, of the hanging of Rachel Whall for highway robbery, which consisted in the snatching of a bonnet from the hand of another woman and running off with it.

Of the romances of the Common that daintiest love scene — the proposal of the Autocrat to the schoolmistress on the long mall running from Beacon Street Mall at the Joy Street entrance, across the Common's whole length to the Boylston-Tremont Streets corner — is recalled by the recently placed sign we observe at the head of this mall: "Oliver Wendell Holmes Path." "We called it the long path and were fond of it. I

executioners. It can only be said that these, and the many other spectacular executions of men and women in the grim old days on this fair Green, were performed generally, if not invariably, on its western side. At first, it appears, the gallows was at or about the solitary "Great Elm," and afterward was placed nearer the bottom of the Common, where the victims were hastily buried in the loose gravel of the beach there. We may imagine the scene of the hanging of the "witches" in 1648 and 1656, from gallows on the knoll neighboring the "Old Elm", the site of which we find occupied by a descendant, and marked by a tablet. There were only two sacrifices to the witchcraft delusion here in Boston, and eight years apart; but the victims, as at Salem thirty-six and forty-four years later, were both women of talents above the common, and the delusion was deep-seated. After the first victim, Margaret Jones, had breathed her last, it was gravely recorded that "the same day and hour she was executed there was a very great tempest at Connecticut which blew down many trees, &c." Perhaps it was at the solitary "Great Elm" that Matoonas was shot, for we read that he was

"tied to a tree." Maybe the holiday Ancient and Honorable warriors perform their evolutions on the parade ground on Artillery Election day, the first Monday of June, over the graves of the executed band of Indian prisoners, some thirty of them, of King Philip's War. Or again, maybe they march and countermarch over the place where fell the British grenadier shot for desertion in 1768, the two British regiments then quartered in Boston "being present under arms." On the parade ground, too, may have been the spectacle, after the Province had become the Commonwealth, of the hanging of Rachel Whall for highway robbery, which consisted in the snatching of a bonnet from the hand of another woman and running off with it.

Of the romances of the Common that daintiest love scene — the proposal of the Autocrat to the schoolmistress on the long mall running from Beacon Street Mall at the Joy Street entrance, across the Common's whole length to the Boylston-Tremont Streets corner — is recalled by the recently placed sign we observe at the head of this mall: "Oliver Wendell Holmes Path." "We called it the long path and were fond of it. I

felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, — Will you take the long path with me? — Certainly, — said the schoolmistress, — with much pleasure. — Think, — I said, — before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! — The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her. One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, — the one you may still see close by the Gingko tree. — Pray, sit down, — I said. — No, no, she answered softly, — I will walk the *long path* with you!" From the Autocrat's day the mall has held Holmes' happy title. The hard old granite seat has long since gone, but the Gingko tree remains.

At the Spruce Street entrance from Beacon Street we pass to Beacon Hill.

V

OVER BEACON HILL

AS we were strolling down the Beacon Street Mall while the Englishman remarked the charm of the Beacon Street border largely of old-time architecture, disfigured though it is in spots by the intrusion of incongruous reconstruction, the Artist recalled the earliest extant painter's sketch of the Common, of a date some sixty years after Bennett's pen picture, which includes this border. It is a water color representing the Common and Beacon Street as they appeared in or about 1805–1806, when the making of Park Street was under way, and the development of Beacon Hill west of the new Bulfinch State House into a fair urban West End, was progressing. Although the border was occupied in part in the Province period our guest was told that no piece of provincial architecture is seen in the line. The oldest dates back only to 1804–1805, about the period of this painting. Several pieces are of the second decade

of the nineteenth century. Others are examples of the spacious Boston domestic architecture of the eighteen thirties.

From its first occupation the border was a favored seat of Boston respectability. When Bennett wrote in 1740 two seats were here, one at the head of the line, the other at the foot. The street was then a lane through the Common "and so to the sea" — the Back Bay, the bound of this side of the Common then being the hill. The house at the head was the mansion of Thomas Hancock, uncle of the famous John, then new, it having been erected in 1737, and pronounced one of the most elegant in Town. At the foot or back on the hill slope, were "Bannister's Gardens", the estate of Thomas Bannister, merchant — or at this time of his heirs — occupying the six-acre home-lot of William Blaxton, the first planter, which he reserved from the sale of the peninsula to the inhabitants. Between these two places the hill spread out much as in its primitive state. The Hancock mansion was the first house to be erected on the top of the hill west of the summit, or the highest of the three peaks. The mansion-house stood in solitary grandeur with no

near neighbor westward for some thirty years. Then in or about 1768 John Singleton Copley, the painter, built here, setting his house midway down the line, about where we see the distinguished double-swell front stone house, now the home of the Somerset Club, originally the early nineteenth-century mansion-house of David Sears, merchant, eminent in his day. Copley at this time was at the height of his prosperity as the court painter of Boston gentility; and upon his fortunate, and happy, marriage in 1769 with Miss Susanna Clarke, the fifth daughter of Richard Clarke, a wealthy merchant, agent of the East India Company in Boston, and later one of the consignees of the tea which the Bostoneers threw overboard, he acquired a large part of the hill west of the Hancock holdings, including the Blaxton six-acre lot which had passed from the Bannisters. Thus Copley became the holder of the largest private estate in the Town — a rare distinction for a painter of that day, or of any day.

From that time till after the Revolution the border was occupied for the most part by the Hancock and Copley places alone. Copley's house has been attractively described as a com-

fortable roomy wooden mansion, or rather country house, of colonial yellow, lacking the elegance of its grander neighbor but refined, with pleasant gardens, ample stable and outbuildings. Copley called his domain "The Farm." In this house he painted some of his best portraits. Trumbull, the younger painter, in his familiar description of a call upon him here, pictures him engagingly as the prosperous painter and social light. Copley left this house and went to England in 1774 with his father-in-law, never to return to Boston or to the country, although his heart was with the American cause. A year later, on the edge of the Siege, his family also sailed and joined him there. After the Revolution General Harry Knox occupied the yellow mansion for a season, and here portly Madam Knox, in her slimmer years the toast of the Continental army officers as the American Beauty, gave sumptuous dinners. Then in 1795, upon the selection of a site on the hilltop, west of the summit — the Hancock cow pasture — for the Bulfinch State House, and the beginning of its erection, the Copley domain was acquired by two astute Bostonians, Harrison Gray Otis and Jonathan Mason, who saw in the

Dome of the State House, and site of the old John Hancock House

establishment of the new State House here their opportunity for a profitable real estate operation on a large scale. On their subsequent union of interests with two others, owners of contiguous lands, began the transformation of the hill from a place of fields and pastures into a sumptuous residential quarter. In course of time the eminence was graded, West Hill, or Mount Vernon, the third peak, on the western side, was cut down, and the new West End of pleasant streets and fair dwellings rose, bringing fortune to the syndicate, and renown to Beacon Hill.

The picture of 1805–1806 shows, at the head of the Beacon Street line, the new Bulfinch State House, completed in 1798. Next west facing the street in a row, appear the Hancock mansion-house, carriage-house, and stable. At this time the mansion was occupied by Madam Scott, John Hancock's widow, who had married one of his ship masters, Captain James Scott, and was dispensing the hospitality of the house as graciously if not so lavishly as in Governor John's day. The estate was yet one of the largest and finest in Town. When Thomas Hancock died in 1764 it comprised, with the mansion-house and various

outbuildings, gardens, orchards, nurseries, and pastures; and extended along Beacon Street to the present Joy Street, back over the hill to Mt. Vernon and Hancock streets, and over the site of the Bulfinch State House to the summit. All this he devised to his widow, along with his "chariots, chaises, carriages, and horses", and "all my negroes", and with a neat sum of money, making Lydia Hancock, daughter of a Boston bookseller, the richest widow that had to that day ever lived in Boston. She died in 1777, when the estate passed by her will to John Hancock, her favorite nephew, who maintained it in all its glory and made it historic, till his death in 1790. He died intestate, having been able on his death-bed to dictate only the minutes of a will, in which, it is said, he gave the mansion-house to the Commonwealth.

It remained much in its original state a respected landmark long after the upbuilding of the lands about it. At length, in 1863, heroic efforts of citizens to secure its reservation by the State as a permanent memorial having failed, it was demolished, to the keen regret of all Bostonians even to the present day. Its site is

marked by the two imposing heavy-faced houses of the brown-stone period of domestic architecture, near the unique foot passage of Hancock Avenue alongside the State House grounds. The upper one is now a publishing house, the first of a succession of old-time mansions along the line transformed, without marring their rare façades, into book-producers' headquarters, which suggests the colloquial title of "Publishers' Row." The houses next below the two brown-stones, occupying the remainder of the front of the old Hancock estate to the Joy Street corner, are all of early nineteenth-century date and associated with the names of famous Boston merchants. The mansion at the corner was sometime the seat of George Cabot, distinguished in his day in public as in mercantile life and as the astute head of the Essex Junto. Just below the lower Joy Street corner we have pictured in the 1805–1806 water color, a neat wooden house with pillared front, and of a "peach-bloom" color. This was erected before 1792 as the country seat (for this part of the Town was counted suburban at that time) of Doctor John Joy, one of the owners of land contiguous to the Copley domain who be-

came a member of the syndicate that developed the hill. His estate occupied the block between Joy and Walnut streets, and extended back up the hill to Mt. Vernon Street. The peach-bloom house remained till 1833, when it was removed, and upon the estate were erected three houses on the Beacon Street front, and four on Joy Street, all of which, save one, are still retained, good examples of the highest type of the Boston swell-front. The first of the three on Beacon Street, which the present apartment-house, the Tudor, replaces, was occupied successively by merchants of distinction — Israel Thorndike; Robert Gould Shaw, grandfather of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, commander of the first negro regiment recruited at the North in the Civil War, whose memorial by Saint Gaudens we have seen at the head of the mall facing the street; and Frederick Tudor, the "ice king," who first introduced ice into the tropics and made a fortune in the adventure.

"No", the Englishman who had heard the legend was answered, "it was not he who was the recipient of George III's hearty reception at court, — 'Eh? Tudor? One of us?' It was his father, Judge Tudor, friend of Washington, and

of his staff." In the other two of these three houses have also lived notable merchants. So, too, were highly respected merchants the first occupants of the houses next below to the Walnut Street corner, both of an earlier date — erected about 1816. The first was the seat of Samuel Appleton, till his death in 1853 at the age of eighty-seven; the corner one, of Benjamin P. Homer. Next in the picture appears a brick mansion-house of quiet dignity, on the lower Walnut Street corner. This we see yet standing, presenting a side to Beacon Street instead of the front as originally, the front door having been shifted to the Walnut Street side when the lane that became Walnut Street was widened. It is distinguished as the oldest of all now on the line. It was built in 1804–1805 by John Phillips, lawyer, a Bostonian by family connections distinctively of the Boston "Brahmin" class, at that time the Town advocate and public prosecutor, afterward first mayor of the city; but of wider name as the father of Wendell Phillips, who was born in this house in 1811. At a later period it was a Winthrop house, the house of Lieutenant-governor Thomas L. Winthrop, accomplished gen-

tleman, but, like the estimable John Phillips, generally known as the father of a more distinguished son, Robert C. Winthrop.

This is the last house in the line shown in the picture of 1805–1806. The two next below it, rich examples of the distinctive Boston type, date from 1816. The upper one was originally the mansion of Nathan Appleton, merchant and manufacturer, younger brother of William Appleton; the other, of Daniel P. Parker, a large shipowner in his time. Of the David Sears stone mansion we have spoken. That next but one below, the brick mansion with yellow porch and luxuriant mantle of woodbine and wistaria, dates from the eighteen-twenties, originally built for Harrison Gray Otis, his second mansion erected on the Copley domain, and designed to combine elegance and comfort. Here Mr. Otis, one of the most courtly of Bostonians, lived the remainder of his gentlemanly life, dispensing, we are told, a refined hospitality. He died in 1848. Originally between the Sears and Otis mansions was a beautiful garden. The house next below was long the seat of Eben D. Jordan, one of the earliest of Boston's retail "merchant princes."

At the Spruce Street entrance where we turn from the mall for the stroll over the hill, we are opposite the site of the first Boston house and the seat of the first Bostonian, in which Winthrop and his associates at their coming found the amiable and cultivated Englishman so agreeably established, surrounded by his garden of English roses, his orchard growing the first American apple, and close by the "excellent spring" of which he had "acquainted" Winthrop when courteously "inviting and soliciting" the governor to come over from Charlestown and settle on his peninsula.

The pioneer cottage is supposed to have stood on or just back from this Beacon Street line somewhere between this Spruce Street and Charles Street; while the six-acre home-lot extended back up the hillside over what are now Chestnut Street, Mt. Vernon Street, and Louisburg Square to Pinckney Street. It is a fascinating picture which the historians have given us of this first Boston seat and of this first Bostonian. Blaxton had been living here alone some six years before the coming of the colonists, bartering with the Indians for beaver skins for trading, cultivating

his garden and orchard, browsing among his books of which he seems to have had good store, and in neighborly communion with the three or four other Englishmen then established on islands in the harbor and on the near mainland, who had come out as he had with Robert Gorges in 1625. He was well born, a graduate of Emanuel, the Puritan college, Cambridge, with his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1617, and Master of Arts in 1621. Though a nonconformist "and detesting prelacy," he still adhered to the Church of England, continuing to wear his canonical coat. For a while after the settlement had begun he was little disturbed, probably because of the remoteness of his seat from the Town center on the harbor front, and lived along amicably with the Puritans. But at length his independent spirit rebelled, and he declared, so the tradition runs, "I came from England because I did not like the Lords Bishops, but I cannot join with you because I could not be under the Lords Brethren." So, after the sale of his rights in the peninsula, with the exception of the home-lot, he bought a stock of cows with the sum he received, thirty pounds, and moved off again into the wilderness. His new

Colonial Doorway and Lamp on Mount Vernon Street

home was established in Rhode Island on the banks of the river which afterward took his name — spelled Blackstone. He, however, retained pleasant relations with his Boston friends, and some years after his withdrawal he married in Boston a Puritan widow. He seems to have been a kindly gentleman, fond of nature and a lover of animals; and there is declared to be historical proof for the quaint story that he trained a moose-colored bull to bit and bridle and saddle.

It is felicitous, our Englishman agreed, that the neighborhood of the home of this scholarly first Bostonian should have in after years become the favorite dwelling-place of men of letters, and the literary workshop of modern Boston. On the home-lot site, on this Beacon Street line, lived William H. Prescott during the last fourteen years of his life, his house being the upper of the two with pillared porticoes, we see below Spruce Street, Number 55. Here he prepared the greater part of his histories of the Spanish conquest when almost blind. On the cornice of his library-room were fixed those "crossed swords" to which Thackeray alludes in the opening lines of "The Virginians" — the

swords borne by Prescott's grandfather, Colonel Prescott, the commander at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and by his wife's grandfather, Captain Linzee, the commander of the "Falcon," one of the British warships in the same engagement. These crossed swords, our Englishman was told, are now to be seen similarly attached to a library wall in the house of the Massachusetts Historical Society, to which they were given after Prescott's death. Also on the home-lot site, back of the Prescott house, on Chestnut Street, Number 50, Francis Parkman lived for twenty-nine years, during which appeared all of the seven volumes of his "France and England in North America." Nearly opposite Parkman's, at Number 43, lived the poet Richard Henry Dana for more than forty years of his long life of ninety-one years, which closed here in 1876.

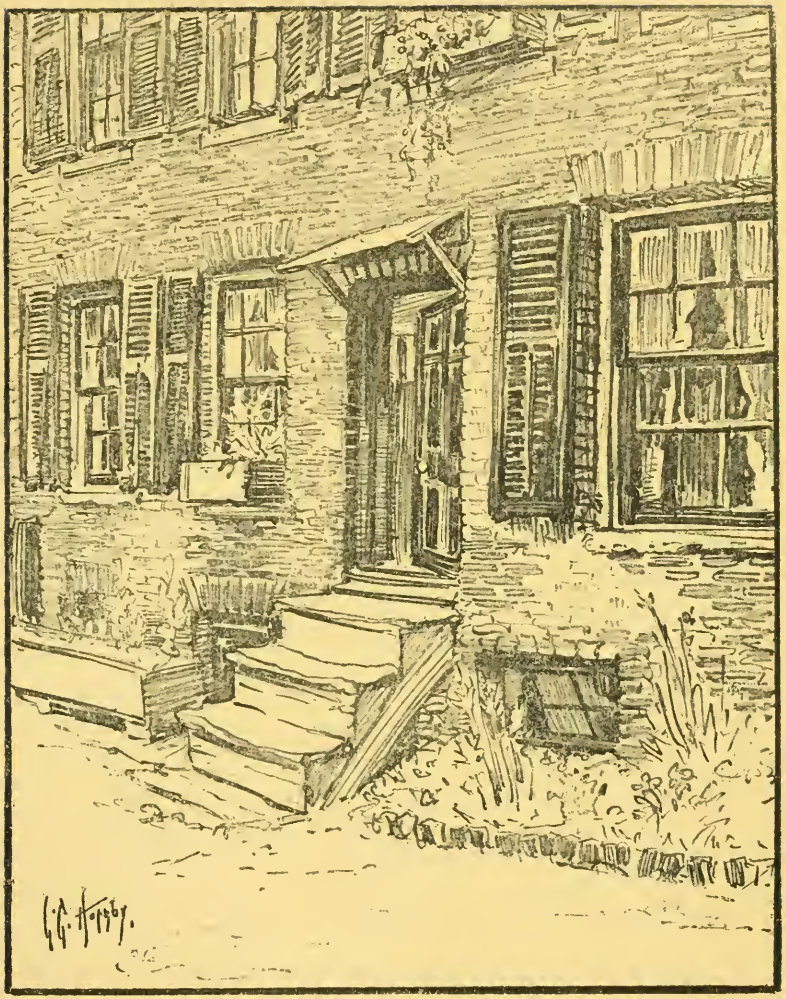
Higher up, at Number 17, lived the poet-preacher, Cyrus A. Bartol, for more than sixty years of his almost as long life, which closed in his eighty-eighth year in 1900. Doctor Bartol's house, and Number 15, his next door neighbors' and kinsfolks' — the Reverend and Mrs. John T. Sargent, both leaders in their time in "advanced thought"

— were the meeting places alternately of the Radical Club. This club was the descendant of the Transcendental Club of the forties in which sparkled such lights as Emerson, George Ripley, the founder of "Brook Farm," and Margaret Fuller. At Number 16 John Lothrop Motley lived in the late forties and early fifties. Lower down, at Number 33, John G. Palfrey resided in the early sixties, but in the late sixties his home was in Louisburg Square. On West Cedar Street, opening from Chestnut Street down the hill, at Number 3, the "poet for poets," and translator of Dante, Doctor T. W. Parsons, dwelt for some time in his latter years with his brother-in-law, George Lunt, a poet of the eighteen fifties, and his sister, Mrs. Lunt, writer of graceful lyrics. Sometime after the Lunts' day Henry Childs Merwin, one of the small group of high ranking modern American essayists, occupied this house. At the upper corner of West Cedar and Mt. Vernon streets Professor Percival Lowell, the astronomer, who has made Mars so neighborly, dwells and works.

In Louisburg Square, at Number 2, William Dean Howells lived when editing the *Atlantic*

Monthly. Number 10 was the home of Louisa M. Alcott in her latter prosperous years, and here her remarkable father, A. Bronson Alcott, passed in comfort his last days and serenely died. On Mt. Vernon Street, above Louisburg Square, at Number 83, William Ellery Channing lived during the latter years of his choice life, which closed in 1842. On the opposite side, at Number 76, Margaret Deland wrote the novels that first brought her fame. Later she was domiciled farther down on the hillslope, at Number 112. At the top of the hill, the house Number 59, with classic entrance door, was the last home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Earlier Aldrich had lived at the foot of the hill, on Charles Street, Number 131, now forlorn, then fair and beautiful with rich borders of shade trees — near neighbor of Oliver Wendell Holmes at Number 164, and James T. Fields, Number 148. His first home in Boston, to which he came to live in 1867, was the "little house on Pinckney Street," of his pleasant description — Number 84, on the slope toward West Cedar Street.

On Pinckney Street up the slope have lived at different periods: John S. Dwight, master music



Number 74½ Pinckney Street

critic, editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (1852–1881), at Number 66; George S. Hillard, choice literary critic and essayist in the forties and fifties, at Number 62 in his latter years, earlier at Number 54, where Hawthorne was much a guest, and perhaps lived for a while with his friend (and whence, by the way, Hawthorne directed that unique letter to James Freeman Clarke, in July, 1842, engaging the good minister to marry him to Sophia Peabody, but without naming place or date); Louise Imogen Guiney, poet and essayist, at Number 16, before her removal to Oxford, England; Edwin P. Whipple, critic and essayist of leading in his time, and one of the literary lecturers most sought during the flourishing days of the "Lyceum" (he is said to have lectured more than a thousand times), at Number 11, near the head of the street. This was Whipple's house for nearly forty years, till his death in 1886. His working study was a pleasant room on the second floor delightfully cluttered with books. In this house now refashioned is fittingly the literary workshop of Miss Alice Brown, story writer and prize play winner.

In this quarter, built up after London models

with local variations — Chestnut Street of architectural refinement, embellished with doorways that Bostonians term colonial; quaint Acorn Street, a single carriage-width and with a single line of old style toy houses; reserved Louisburg Square; narrow Pinckney Street of variegated architecture and gentility; stately Mt. Vernon Street mounting from the river over the hill to the State House Archway and, as Henry James whimsically pictures, "fairly hanging there to rest, like some good flushed lady of more than middle age, a little spent and 'blown'", — here in this mellow quarter, with the London flavor yet lingering about it, our Englishman remarked that, like Daniel Neal's "gentleman from London" a century back, he felt "almost at home" as he observed its character and its houses.

In Chestnut Street his attention was especially called to the group of three houses, Numbers 13, 15, and 17 — the Bartol house and its neighbors — for their architectural interest, and also because they were the first houses built on this street, and were the gifts of their builder, Madam Hepsibah Swan, one of the four composing the syndicate that developed this West End, to her

three married daughters, in about 1810. Madam Swan was the wife of that remarkable Colonel James Swan of whose mansion-house on Tremont, then Common, Street beside the Common, we have spoken. On Mt. Vernon Street the upper line of broad-breasted, spacious mansions of a past sumptuous style, set back from the public sidewalk in aristocratic seclusion, impressed our guest as the distinguishing note of the street. The fine old colonial mansion with pebble-paved courtyard, the third in the group of three houses next this block and just above Louisburg Square, the Englishman was told, was the first mansion-house that Harrison Gray Otis erected for his own occupation on the Copley purchase, and dates from about 1800. In Louisburg Square he was pointed to the central enclosure bedecked with tall trees, and toy statues at either end, as the place of Blaxton's "excellent spring."

There was the "dark side" of the hill, the slope north of Pinckney Street, that we did not penetrate, for the atmosphere that once gave this side peculiar distinction has gone, and it is no longer interesting, or over-clean. It was the "dark side" from the free negro settlement occu-

pying the north slope below Myrtle and Revere Streets before the Civil War and after, and as a center of anti-slavery agitation. The line between the haven of self-satisfied middle-classism on the south side and the north side residential quarter with its colored fringe, was sharply drawn. Fifty or sixty years ago over and on the hill's brow in comparative obscurity were nurtured the seeds of anti-slavery and abolitionism later to bloom so terribly. After dark in the eighteen forties and fifties these little streets must have reeked with sedition against respectability. It was in the schoolroom of the little negro church on Smith Court off Joy (then Belknap) Street, and below Myrtle Street, that on that bitter cold, snowy January night, in 1832, the New England Anti-Slavery Society was organized by the small band who had been barred out of Faneuil Hall, when Garrison uttered his memorable prophecy: "We have met here to-night in this obscure school-house; our numbers are few and our influence limited; but mark my prediction. Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles we have set forth. We shall shake the Nation by this mighty power." The little meeting house was

the scene of many more abolition meetings, and it might have been mobbed had it not been of stout brick. It yet stands in the little court, but is now, and long has been, a Jewish synagogue.

At the head of Mt. Vernon Street as we approached the Archway we crossed the gardens of the old Hancock place, or the site of them, between Hancock Avenue and Hancock Street. The Archway is a quite modern affair, we observed, and marks great changes made in the topography hereabouts. It dates back only to 1889–1895, with the erection of the State House Annex, the second addition to the Bulfinch Front, and preserving the traditions of the original structure, beneath which it passes. Before that time Mt. Vernon Street continuing, as the Archway now carries it, to the farther side of the State House, there took a sharp turn to the right and passed into Beacon Street nearly opposite the head of Park Street. It was then lined with fine houses, mostly Boston swell-fronts. From its north side at the turn opened Beacon Hill Place, a delightful foot passage to Bowdoin Street, bounded by three aristocratic houses, all historic from the character of their occupants at different periods. These pleasant

houses and street lines were swept off to make way for the Annex, and for the park at the side, State House Park. Also went down the Beacon Hill Reservoir, a massive fortress-like structure on the Hancock Street line, facing Derne Street, with noble arches on its front, built in 1849, and called in its day the noblest piece of architecture in the city. The Annex and the space at its park side mark the site of the summit, or highest of the three peaks of the hill; while the pillar of stone topped with an eagle which we see in the park facing Ashburton Place, is a duplicate of the monument that last crowned the peak in place of the beacon of Colony and Province days — the monument of Bulfinch's design erected in 1790–1791, the first in the country to commemorate the Revolution. The peak remained unshorn, a beautiful grassy cone-shaped mound, behind the Bulfinch Front reaching almost as high as the gilded dome now reaches, till 1811. It was cherished then as it had been from Colony days as the crowning glory of the Town. A visit to its top for the fine view which it commanded was the finishing feature of the round of Boston sights. On pleasant summer evenings gay dinner or supper parties at the

houses in its neighborhood were wont not infrequently to adjourn to the lookout for enjoyment of the moonlight, the gentle zephyrs, and flirtatious communion. The approach to it from the Mt. Vernon Street side was through a turnstile to a flight of steps leading part way up and joining a broad path in which convenient footholds had been worn. The way from Derne and Temple streets was direct to the monument by Beacon Steps, so called. The hill cutting beginning in 1811 occupied a dozen years, and was fittingly called "the great digging." To-day the cutting into the park to make way for the twentieth-century State House wing, occupies, with the employment of the steam shovel in place of the hand-digger, not much more than a dozen days. With the completion of this wing, and its companion on the west side, greater changes will have been effected in this quarter; and, alas! Beacon Hill, which now alone retains in its richness the old Boston flavor, will have lost more of its earlier charm.

VI

THE WATER FRONT

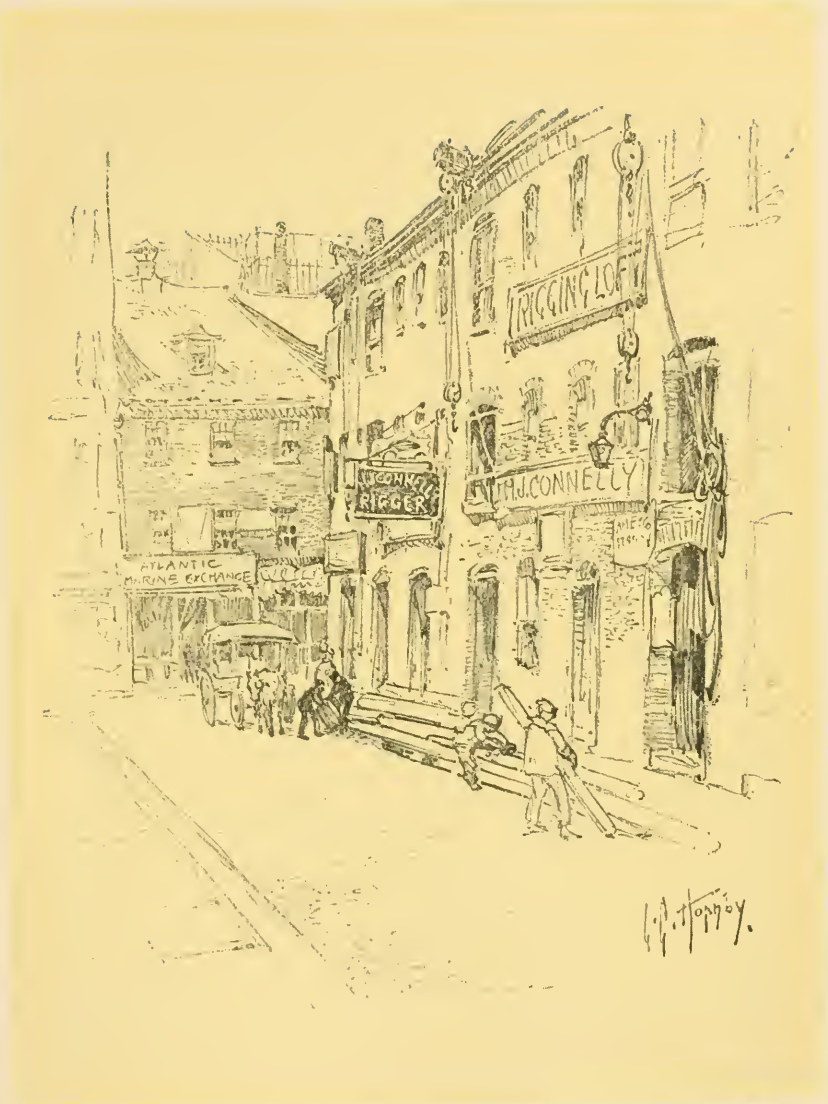
WE traced the old Town front of the "convenient harbor" as best we could, through a ramble along the present marginal thoroughfares of Commercial Street and Atlantic Avenue, between Copp's Hill at the north and the site of Fort Hill at the south. Between these bounds, and within "two strong arms" reaching out at either end of the Great Cove, the inner harbor lay through Colony and Province days. The strong arms were the North Battery on "Merry's Point" at the foot of Copp's Hill, and the Boston Sconce, or South Battery, on a point jutting out from Fort Hill. The North Battery commanded the mouth of Charles River; the Sconce protected the sea entrance. An additional defense at the sea end was a fort on the summit of Fort Hill, while the "Castle", on Castle Island, where now Fort Independence Park is connected with the Marine Park system on South Boston Point, was

the outer protector. Of these defenses the fort on Fort Hill was first erected, begun in the Town's second year; the Castle next, in 1634; then the North Battery, in 1646; and lastly the Sconce, in 1666. Seven years later, in 1673, these batteries were connected by a "Barricado", a sea wall and wharf of timber and stones, built in a straight line upon the flats before the Town across the mouth of the Great Cove, with openings at intervals to allow vessels to pass inside to the town docks. Its purpose was primarily to secure the Town from fire ships, in case of the approach of an enemy; but it was also intended for wharfage, and it came early to be called the "Out Wharves." As a defense, the Barricado proved needless, for no hostile ship ever passed the Castle till the Revolution; it began to fall into decay early in the Province period, although it was retained for some years longer. The batteries, however, were steadily kept up and supplied with sufficient forces of men, till the Revolution was over. These were the defenses of Colony days. In the Province period, a battery was planted at the tip end of Long Wharf, the great pier stretching into the harbor nearly half a mile, built in

1710, and the wonder of its day. Bennett, in 1740, found this battery here. The North Battery is now marked by Battery Wharf on Commercial Street at the foot of Battery Street; the Sconce, by Rowe's Wharf, at the foot of Broad Street; the Barricado, by Atlantic Avenue, which follows generally its line; while Fort Hill is represented by Independence Square—or Fort Hill Square, as the official title is—and reached from Rowe's Wharf and Atlantic Avenue through narrow old Belcher Lane, dating back to the sixteen sixties, the "Sconce Lane" of early Province days.

The harbor front of Old Boston, therefore, extended from hill to hill, a distance of less than a mile, as the Englishman was shown by the *Boston: A Guide Book* map when given the foregoing details. Meanwhile the Artist had produced a copy of the familiar picture by Paul Revere—"A View of Part of the Town of Boston in New England and British Ships of War Landing their Troops, 1768"—which represents the water front of the Province period in more definite detail and in livelier manner than any other sketch or map of its time. Of the front's appearance in Colony days there is no picture.

We enter the present front between the old bounds from the North End Terrace opposite the Charter-street side of Copp's Hill Burying-ground, and so toward the North End Beach. Thus from the terrace we have a view across the river to the Navy Yard; while beside the beach, artificially restored a few years ago, we are close by the supposed landing place of Winthrop's company moving over from Charlestown, and especially of Anne Pollard, then a "romping girl", who, according to legend, was the first of all, or rather the first "female", to spring ashore. This presumed first landing place was below Hudson's Point, then near the junction of Charter and Commercial streets, east of Charles River Bridge, and the extreme northwest point of the Town. It got its name from Francis Hudson, a worthy fisherman, one of the early ferrymen of the Charlestown ferry, which plied from this point. Turning southeastward, along Commercial Street, we soon come upon the ancient Winnisimmet-Chelsea-Ferry, at the foot of Hanover Street, one of the forgotten memorials of two centuries back. In spite of attempts to abolish it, this institution still lives and ferries in a mild way.



Old Loft Buildings, Commercial Wharf

Next beyond the ferry entrance we are at old Constitution Wharf, and read the inscription on a stout brass plate attached to the face of the heavy brick warehouse on the sidewalk line: "Here was built the Frigate Constitution. Old Ironsides." That was in 1794–1797. Here was then the great shipyard of Edmund Hartt, one of three brothers — all Boston shipwrights. The capabilities of Boston at that time for the construction and equipment of ships as exemplified in the building of this famous battle frigate are remarked by the local historians. The copper, bolts, and spikes, drawn from malleable copper by a process then new, were furnished from Paul Revere's works. The sails were of Boston manufactured sail cloth, and were made in the old Granary building. The cordage came from Boston ropewalks, of which there were then fourteen in the Town. The gun-carriages were made in a Boston shop. Only the anchors and the timber were "imported." The anchors were from the town of Hanover, Plymouth County; the oak from Massachusetts and New Hampshire woods. Subsequently, Hartt built other ships for the young American navy before government dockyards were established,

and his place came to be called "Hartt's Naval Yard." Notable among these productions was the frigate *Boston*, launched in 1799, so named because she was provided for by subscription of Boston merchants and was a free gift to the government. Another was the brig *Argus*, built in 1800, which distinguished herself in the War of 1812, but was finally captured by an English war brig of twenty-one guns against her sixteen. Warships were built in other Boston yards about Copp's Hill before the *Constitution* was turned out. The first seventy-four gun ship built in the country, ordered by the Continental Congress, was laid in Benjamin Goodwin's yard, near the North Battery. Forty years earlier the *Massachusetts Frigate* was built for the province, in Joshua Gee's yard, at the foot of the hill, not far from Snowhill Street. She was designed for Sir William Pepperell's expedition against Louisburg in 1745

At that period Joshua Gee's was one of several thriving shipyards in this neighborhood, turning out all sorts of vessels. In 1759 six were recorded as clustering about the base of Copp's Hill; while two were at the other end of the water front below Fort Hill. In Colony days, yards here

The last of the Fishing Fleet at old T. Wharf

were almost as numerous. Two or three were producing handsome ships for foreign trade so early as the sixteen forties and fifties. Conveniently close by were famous taverns. There was the Ship Tavern, or Noah's Ark, on the corner of North, then Ann, and Clark streets, dating back to before 1650, and lingering as a landmark till the eighteen sixties. And the Salutation Tavern, or the Two Palaverers, from the sign of two painted gentlemen in small clothes and cocked hats greeting each other, on Salutation Alley from Hanover Street to Commercial Street, of later date than the Ship.

When the keel of the *Constitution* was being laid, in November, 1794, Pemberton writes, in his "Description of Boston": "The harbor of Boston is at this date crowded with vessels. Eighty-four sail have been counted lying at two of the wharves only. It is reckoned that not less than four hundred and fifty sail of ships, brigs, schooners, and sloops and small craft are now in port." As for shipbuilding, he tells of its having formerly been carried on at upwards of twenty-seven dockyards at one and the same time. He was credibly informed, he wrote, that in all of

these yards there had been more than sixty vessels on the stocks at one time. Many, when built, were sent directly to London with naval stores, whale oil, etc., and to the West Indies with fish and lumber and rum. The whale and cod fishery employed many of the smaller craft. "They were nurseries and produced many hardy seamen," Pemberton truly says.

We pass Battery Wharf, now a steamship pier; pass the entrance to the East Boston North Ferryways; other wharves, now steamship piers; Eastern Avenue, leading to the East Boston South Ferry; then, at Lewis Wharf, pause a moment to drop into history a bit. For here, on what is now its north side, was Hancock's Wharf of Province days, and earlier Clark's, the most important wharf on the water front till after the building of Long Wharf in 1710. And here was where the Great Cove started on the north side, carrying high-water mark originally up our State Street to the line of Merchants Row and Kilby Street, as we remarked on our initial ramble.

The wharf was first Thomas Hancock's, then John Hancock's by inheritance. John Hancock's warehouse was upon it, while his store was at the

A Bit of old Long Wharf

head of what is now South Market Street; or, as described in an advertisement in the *Boston Evening Post* of December, 1764, "Store No. 4 at the East End of Faneuil Hall Market." Here he was offering for sale "A general Assortment of English and India Goods, also choice Newcastle Coals and Irish Butter, cheap for Cash." It was at this wharf that one of the British regiments landed in July, 1768, as in Paul Revere's picture. In the previous June occurred the performance of the unloading in the night of a cargo of wines from the sloop *Liberty* from Madeira, belonging to John Hancock, without paying the customs, while the "tidewaiter" upon going aboard the ship, was seized by a ship captain and others following him, and confined below. Riotous proceedings followed the next day, upon the seizure of the sloop and upon its mooring for safety under the guns of a British warship in the harbor. The incensed populace turned upon the revenue officers, smashed the windows of the house of the comptroller on Hanover Street near by; and finally dragged the collector's boat to the Common and there burnt it in a bonfire. Hancock was prosecuted upon this and many other libels for penal-

ties upon acts of Parliament, amounting, it is said, to ninety or a hundred thousand pounds sterling. On Commercial Wharf we note the side range of low-studded, heavy granite buildings, typical of the early nineteenth-century merchants' counting-houses that customarily lined the principal wharves. Here we enter the water-front market region.

At T Wharf, now the old fish pier, we are at what was originally a part of the Barricado of 1672. The neck of the T connecting it with Long Wharf we are told is of that structure. T is the oldest of the present wharves. Andrew Faneuil and Stephen Minott are of record as owners in 1718; but Minott was an earlier owner, and the wharf was for some time called "Minott's T." With the fleet of fisher boats moored at its side, it is the most picturesque and animated of all the wharves in the line. Its glory is passing now, however, with the shift of fishing interests to the new docks of the great Commonwealth Pier on the South Boston side. Long Wharf is the aristocrat of the line. It was projected in 1707, when the flats of the Great Cove had been filled on King Street below Merchants Row to about where now is the Custom House,—a pier to extend from

the then foot of the street to low-water mark, some seventeen hundred feet out; and the scheme was carried through by a group of merchants as a private enterprise. Daniel Neal thus described it in 1719, nine years after its completion: a "noble Pier, eighteen hundred or two thousand Foot long, with a Row of Ware-houses on the North side for the use of Merchants", running "so far into the Bay that Ships of the greatest Burthen may unlade without the help of Boats or Lighters." This description practically held good till after the Revolution and into the nineteenth century. It was not till the eighteen fifties that the pier was largely widened and the range of heavy granite buildings below the Custom House, known as State Street Block, was erected in the place where ships formerly lay. At first called Boston Pier, its name in time became Long Wharf because it was "supposed to be the longest wharf on the continent." Through Province days it was the place of landing and official reception of all distinguished arrivals. The royal governors, from Shute to Gage, at their coming landed here and were formally received, and escorted by the local military companies up King Street to the

Town House. Here the main body of the troops embarked for the Bunker Hill Battle on Breed's Hill; and hence departed the army and the royalists at the Evacuation. The first house set up at the head of the pier was a tavern—the Crown Coffee House. Neighboring water resorts early followed, to become historic inns. There was first the Bunch of Grapes on the west corner of Kilby Street, begun before 1712; later, the British Coffee House, nearly opposite; and the Admiral Vernon, named in honor of Edward Vernon, the English admiral, on the lower corner of Merchants Row. The Bunch of Grapes was the tavern which the jovial young merchant of New York, Captain Francis Goelet, here in 1750, described in his journal recording his entertainment by the bucks of the town, as the "best punch house in Boston", which vinous sobriquet it retained through its long career. In pre-Revolutionary days it was the chosen resort of the patriot leaders, while the British Coffee House was the rendezvous of the British officers. Near the head of the pier were the warehouses of the Faneuils—Andrew, Peter, and Benjamin. When the Custom House was built, in 1837–1847—the

low, granite-pillared, Greek-like structure from whose modest dome springs the towering pyramid that now dominates the sky line—it stood at the head of the wharf with the bowsprits of vessels lying there stretching across the street almost touching its eastern part. It is an interesting tradition, by the way, that on the site of the Custom House lived a cooper who turned out to have been a leader of the Fifth Monarchy Men.

Central and India wharves, now piers of Maine and of New York steamboat lines, are among the oldest, as they are the finest, of the present wharves of this front. Central, with its range of more than fifty stores, dates from 1816; India, with a row of sixty odd, from 1806. Central Wharf was laid out originally over a part of the Barricado structure then still remaining. Near its head, on Custom House Street, the Old Custom House, predecessor of the present one, erected in 1810, yet stands, stripped, however, of the architectural adornments of its façade, and of the spread eagle which once topped the pediment. The old building has a pleasant literary interest as the Custom House of George Bancroft and Nathaniel Hawthorne's time,—Bancroft as col-

lector, Hawthorne in the humbler post of weigher and gauger. Of the "Tea Party Wharf" or of its successor — Griffin's in the tea-ship's time, later Liverpool Wharf — no vestige remains, our guest was told. With curious interest he read the elaborate inscription reciting the story, beneath the model of a tea-ship, on the tablet attached to a building on the north corner of the avenue and Pearl Street. This tablet marks the wharf's site only in a general way.

Rowe's Wharf, now a popular harbor steamboats' pier, dates back to before 1764, and originally was on the northerly side of Sconce, afterward Belcher, Lane. Here we turn from the avenue, and entering Belcher Lane, finish our ramble in Fort Hill Square, the poplars of which we see at the end of the vista. As we loiter in this serene little park in the heart of a busy wholesale quarter, we note that it marks the lines of a plot on the summit of the hill that rose a hundred feet above, within which had stood the fort that gave the hill its name, and the larger fort that succeeded the first one, in which Andros found refuge in April, 1689, when the townspeople rose against and overthrew him. Till

after the Revolution the summit was open ground, and in Province days a public mall. Here the anti-Stamp Act mob of 1765 had their bonfire of the wreckage of the Stamp office on Kilby Street, and of the fence of the stamp master's, Andrew Oliver, place on the hillside, in sight of his mansion. Here an ox was roasted for the people's feast at the celebration of the news of the French Revolution. The slopes of the hill became favorite dwelling places in early Colony days, and in Province days some fine seats occupied the hillside. In the latter eighteenth and the early nineteenth century the approach was marked by terraced gardens reaching to the hill top. In the eighteen thirties the plot on the summit was laid out as Washington Square, a circular green adorned with noble trees and surrounded by a street of genteel dwellings. In course of time its prosperity waned, and the genteel dwellings became squalid tenements. Then Fort Hill fell into ignoble decay. It remained, however, till the last of the eighteen sixties. Its leveling was begun in 1869, but the process was slow, and the ancient landmark did not wholly disappear till after the "Great Boston Fire" of 1872.

VII

OLD SOUTH, KING'S CHAPEL, AND NEIGHBORHOOD

ALTHOUGH both buildings are eighteenth-century structures, we presented the Old South Meeting-house and King's Chapel to our Englishman as monuments, respectively, of the Colony and of the Province. In this classification the Old South was assumed to stand for Puritan Boston, King's Chapel for the Boston of the régime of the royal governors. Architecturally, also, they might be taken as representing the two epochs. The Old South preserves the matured type of the Puritan meeting-house; the Chapel is of the old Church of England pattern, introduced with the establishment of the Province. The meeting-house, dating from 1729, is the second South Church (the meeting-house of the Third Church of Boston), the first having been erected in 1670; the chapel, dating from 1749–1754, is the successor of that first King's Chapel, erected in 1688, for the site of which Andros assigned a

corner of the old First Burying-ground, when no Puritan landholder would agree to sell a lot for such a purpose.

The Old South we were gratified to show off to our guest with the exterior fully restored to its original aspect, thus adding much to its picturesqueness as well as to its historical worth. Most satisfying was the restored Wren-like spire, which was quite likely modeled, though not directly copied, from the first one, of similar style, on Christ Church, erected some five years before, and which has been called more imposing than that. Indeed it has been pronounced by that master-critic, Richard Grant White, the finest of its kind, not only in this country but in the world, unequaled in grace and lightness by any spire of Sir Christopher's that he had seen. A peculiar interest attaches to it, as he says, because it is not an imitation of anything but is of home growth, the conception of a Yankee architect — the development of the steeple-belfry of the New England meeting-house.

The historic structure permanently fixed, like the Old State House, and maintained solely as a memorial, is now, as we had remarked, counted one

of the valuable assets of the city by all classes of Bostonians. Yet its "saving", after its abandonment for church uses, was a task more difficult of accomplishment than that of rescuing the Old State House from the destroyer, when it was no longer useful: for in this case the property had to be purchased outright by citizens for reservation, while in that, as we have seen, the city at first and finally the city in conjunction with the state assumed the financial burden. Though more arduous, however, it was as valiant a fight. And it was a more spectacular one, in that it was a woman's fight. It was carried through by a committee of twenty-five Boston matrons and maids under the direction of a small staff of competent men of affairs, in the centennial year of 1876. The campaign was begun in earnest, after some preliminary skirmishing, when the building had been auctioned off as junk for thirteen hundred and fifty dollars and its demolition was imminent; and it ended in victory with the contribution of one Boston woman, much the largest single subscription, completing the purchase fund at a critical moment when the option was about to expire. Before the restoration of the exterior

was undertaken, the interior was refashioned as far as possible to its appearance in the Revolutionary period, when it was the scene of those great, sometimes tumultuous, Town meetings, for the accommodation of which Faneuil Hall was too small, that "kindled the flame which fired the Revolution"; and that were of such fame in England as to inspire Burke, in imaging an unusual tumult in Parliament, to the declaration that it was "as hot as Faneuil Hall or the Old South Church in Boston." Here we find a popular museum of Revolutionary, Provincial, and Colonial relics, old furniture, and portraits of Boston worthies. The auditorium is now used for the institution known as the "Old South Lectures to Young People" founded by Mrs. Mary Hemenway, the matron who subscribed the largest amount to the preservation fund.

The Old South has further interest, Antiquary recalled, as marking the site of the last dwelling-place of Governor Winthrop. It stands on what was the "Governor's Green", the Winthrop lot, so picturesquely called, extending along the "High Waye" between "Spring-gate" (Spring Lane) and Milk Street, upon which was placed the governor's

second mansion-house, the house of choice memories from its association with Winthrop's closing years — the last five or six of his eventful life. The meeting-house occupies the garden end of the Green, while the mansion-house stood toward the north end facing the garden. The mansion had been erected in 1643, when Winthrop had disposed of his first one, that on our State Street, which he had occupied through the first twelve years of his Boston life. Winthrop died, after a month's slow illness developing from a hard Boston spring cold, on April 5 (March 26, 1648, O. S.), 1649, in his sixty-third year and the Town's nineteenth. As his peaceful end approached, "the whole church fasted as well as prayed for him." The funeral solemnity was appointed for a week and a day from his death, in order to give Governor John, Jr., of Connecticut, time for the then long journey from Hartford to Boston. Some years after the governor's death, the Green and the mansion came into the ownership of Parson John Norton of the First Church, one of the great ministers of his day, and of more liberal mind than some of his brethren; and upon his death the property passed to his widow.

The Third Church organized in 1669 was formed by seceders from the First Church, who split with that church chiefly on the burning issue of the baptismal, or "Half-Way", Covenant which they espoused, and Madam Norton, being one of the seceders, gave the garden plot in trust for the place of the new meeting-house. A few years later the remainder of the Green was conveyed to the new society; then the mansion-house became the parsonage and so remained for almost a century. The mansion survived as an honored landmark through to the Revolution, when the British soldiery pulled it down for use as firewood during the winter of the Siege, along with a row of butternuts that shaded the venerable rooftree, while this present meeting-house was being utilized for the exercise of the cavalry horses.

The first meeting-house, the erection of 1670, has been described as a little house of cedar, though "spacious and fair" to Puritan eyes, with a steeple, and porches on the front and two sides. In this meeting-house, on a July Sunday afternoon of 1677, occurred in sermon time that startling visitation of a Quakeress — Margaret Brewster — arrayed in the Biblical "sackcloth and ashes",

her face blackened and her feet bare, — or as Sewall, the Boston Pepys, described: "covered with a Canvas Frock, having her hair dishevelled and Loose, and powdered with Ashes resembling a flaxen or white Periwigg, her face as black as Ink", — led by two other Quakers and followed by two more. After delivering to the amazed congregation a solemn warning of the coming of the black pox upon the Town in punishment for its persecution of the sect, she slipped out as quietly as she had entered. No wonder the performance occasioned, as Sewall records, "a great and very amazing Uproar." But the penalty was speedy, for the daring zealot was straightway "whipt at the cart's tail up and down the Town with thirty lashes." This was the meeting-house, the orthodox doors of which Andros in 1686 commanded opened a part of each Sunday to the pioneer Episcopal church that Randolph had set up in the Town House. It was here that the burial service over Lady Andros, the governor's American wife, who died less than three months after their coming to Boston, was given according to the Episcopal form, in the night time, when the sombre Puritan interior was weirdly

illuminated with candles and flaming torches, and torch bearers lighted the procession, with the "hearse drawn by six horses", to the tomb in the First Burying-ground. And this was the meeting-house in which on January 17 (sixth, O. S.), 1706, Benjamin Franklin, born that same day, in a little house across the way on Milk Street (marked by the building Number 17) was baptized. This first South took on the name of Old South in 1717, not because of its age, but to distinguish it from the New South that year erected in Summer Street, where was Church Green. The first house was taken down to make way for this one, which occupies its exact site. The modern business block — the Old South Building — towering around the meeting-house marks the remainder of the Governor's Green.

Now we turned to neighboring landmarks. First we gave a passing glance to the little old building on the north corner of School Street nearly opposite the meeting-house. This is yet, it was remarked, a valued landmark, but a landmark gone to seed. It dates from 1712, and is supposed to have been the first of the brick houses erected in the rebuilding of a better Corn-

hill (as this part of Washington Street, our guest was reminded, then was) after that "great fire" of 1711, which swept through this quarter and destroyed the First Church meeting-house and the Town House. It is interesting as a type of the building of that day, battered though it is by time and repeated makings-over for business. In its mature years it was long cherished as the "Old Corner Bookstore", rich in memories of the golden age of Boston letters, but now, alas! sadly fallen to grosser trades. It marks, or nearly marks, the site of a house of larger historical import. This was the Hutchinson homestead, the dwelling of Mistress Ann Hutchinson, that superior Boston matron "of a ready wit and bold spirit," about whom waged the fierce "Antinomian Controversy" of 1637-1638, forerunner of the warfare against the Anabaptists and the Quakers, which nearly split the Colony. The outcome was Mistress Ann's conviction for "traducing the ministers and their ministry in the country" by advocating the doctrine of the "covenant of faith" as above that of the "covenant of works" which the ministers preached; her banishment together with high colonial leaders; and the

disfranchisement or disarming of nearly a hundred more of her adherents or sympathizers. She was the first introducer of the woman question in America, with the institution of meetings of Boston women to discuss the Sunday sermons after the manner of the men members of the Boston church. These meetings were held in the parlor of her house, and at first weekly. Soon they came twice a week and were attended by nearly a hundred of the principal women, numbers coming from the neighboring towns. One of the circle was the sweet-natured Mary Dyar, who was of the Quakers executed in Boston twenty years later. The discussions under the earnest and remarkably able leadership of Mistress Ann became so frank and so critical that the orthodox party was scandalized. And when her doctrine of the justification of faith without works had grown in popularity, or when all of the Boston church except five members proved to be sympathizers with her, their consternation was great. The story of the tragic end of Mistress Hutchinson — killed with all her family except a daughter, in a general massacre of Dutch and English by the Indians in 1643, on Long

Island, where she had finally established her home — is an often told tale.

On the path back of the Governor's Green, which became Pudding Lane, dwelt another colonial matron who also came under the ban, but for a far different cause than Mistress Hutchinson, and who suffered tragically. She was Mrs. Ann Hibbins, gentlewoman, sister of Governor Bellingham and wife of William Hibbins, a merchant, and an important man in early Town and Colony affairs, sometime member of the Court of Assistants, later the Colony's agent to England. She was a widow when trouble came upon her. She had a clever but sharp tongue, and a high temper; and maybe she was a scold, for it is related that she was brought under church censure for quarreling with her neighbors. At length she was accused of being a "witch." She was tried by a jury and condemned. The verdict, however, was set aside, and her case was taken to the General Court. Before that august body she defended herself ably. But the popular clamor was more than the court could withstand, and she was found guilty. John Endicott, then governor, pronounced the sentence of death upon her. So on a

day in June, in the year 1656, this spirited woman, "only for having more wit than her neighbors", as honest Parson Norton afterward said, was hanged on Boston Common, the second and last of the victims of the witchcraft delusion in Boston. We have the site of her home on Devonshire Street opposite the post-office, between Milk Street and Spring Lane.

Again on Washington Street, the site of the first tavern, Cole's "Ordinary", as the earlier inns were called, was identified. The ordinary opened its inviting door nearly opposite the head of Water Street. For a decade or so, Cole's was the only tavern in town; and its excellence was attested by young Lord Ley, the nineteen-year-old son of Marlborough, visiting Boston and his friend Harry Vane in the summer of 1637, when, declining Winthrop's invitation to become the guest of the governor's mansion, he declared that the tavern was "so well governed" that he could be as private there as elsewhere. Vane, during his brief reign as governor, utilized the inn for official entertainments. Some twenty years after the opening of Cole's, Robert Turner's "Blue Anchor", more famous in the Town's early his-

In the old "Bell-in-Hand" Tavern

tory, put out its hospitable sign on the opposite side of the way, about where now we see the *Globe* newspaper office. A savory dish for which the Blue Anchor became renowned gave its first name of "Pudding" to the lane — Devonshire Street — upon which the tavern backed. During Landlord Turner's day, the Blue Anchor came to be the favorite place of lodging and refreshment with out-of-town members of the General Court, country clergy when summoned into synod, and juries. At a later day, under Landlord Monck, its entertainment was commended by traveled visitors as something quite after the solid old London sort. Dunton, the gossiping London bookseller, here in 1685, found "no house in all the Town more noted, or where a man might meet with better accommodations"; while the landlord was "a brisk and jolly" fellow whose "conversation was coveted by all his guests", animated as it was with a "certain vivacity and cheerfulness which cleared away all melancholy as the sun does clouds, so that it was almost impossible not to be merry in his company." Verily a boniface of the good old London pattern, albeit a Puritan.

From Washington Street nearly opposite the Blue Anchor site, we plunged into the blind alley of Williams Court, one of the few surviving colonial passages, from a thoroughfare under an arched way through buildings making a short cut to a parallel street, and here came upon the remnant of a tavern set up a century after Landlord Monck's day, in imitation of the English alehouse. This is the "Bell-in-Hand" of fragrant memory, dating back to 1795, and still sporting alluringly the original sign, a hand swinging a bell, though its career as an inn closed years ago, and it has been retained as what in England is classed as a pothouse solely by careful cultivation of the old London aspect. It was originally the establishment of one Wilson, who had long occupied the useful office of town crier, and who cleverly chose for his tavern sign the symbol of his calling.

At King's Chapel, particularly in the interior, our Englishman remarked a striking resemblance to old London churches. This was natural, for its architect frankly modeled it largely after the prevailing London type of his time. He was Peter Harrison, a London architect, who had

come over with Smibert and others in Dean Berkeley's train, and was established first with Berkeley at Newport, Rhode Island. He afterward designed the Redwood Library, erected in 1750, and other provincial buildings in Newport. His design for the Chapel included a spire above the tower, but this had to be cut out because of shortness of funds. The church was slowly built for the same reason. While the corner-stone was laid in August, 1749, as the legend above the portal states, the edifice was not completed and ready for regular services till August, 1754. It was built so as to inclose the old structure, and services were held in that one till the spring of 1753, when it had fallen so out of repair that it had to be abandoned. The parishioners accepted temporarily the hospitality of Trinity, the newest of the three Episcopal churches in the Town at that time.

The old structure was the Chapel of 1688, we explained, but doubled in size by an enlargement made in 1710, and, as pictured in one of the earliest views of Boston, with a tower, added at that time, surmounted by a tall staff topped with a gilt crown, symbolizing the Chapel's use as the

official church, and above this staff a weather-cock. With the enlargement of 1710, the interior was also embellished. There was the grand governor's pew raised on a dais above the others and approached by steps, hung with crimson curtains, and surmounted by the royal crown; while near by was another handsome pew reserved for the officers of the English army and navy. On the walls were displayed the escutcheons of the king and of the royal governor. The Chapel of 1688 was a plain house of wood, and its cost was met from subscriptions by Andros and other crown officers, and by Church of England folk throughout the Colony. With Andros's overthrow in 1689, it was temporarily closed, while Radcliffe, the rector, and the leading parishioners were clapped into jail — the old prison on Prison Lane — and retained there for nine months, when they were sent to England by royal command. The stone for the present Chapel came from the granite fields of Quincy, then Braintree, and was taken from the surface, there then being no quarries. The pillared portico was not completed till after the Revolution, in 1789.

The last Loyalist service in the Chapel before

King's Chapel

the Evacuation was on the preceding Sunday. About a month later the Chapel was opened for a memorial service in honor of General Joseph Warren. Thereafter it remained closed for some two years. Then, by a curious fate, it was re-opened for use by the Old South congregation while their meeting-house was undergoing repair of the injuries it had received during the Siege; and they occupied it for nearly five years. In 1782 the remnant of the Chapel's parishioners resumed regular services with the Reverend James Freeman as rector; and in 1787, under Mr. Freeman, this first Episcopal church in Massachusetts became the first Unitarian church in America.

VIII

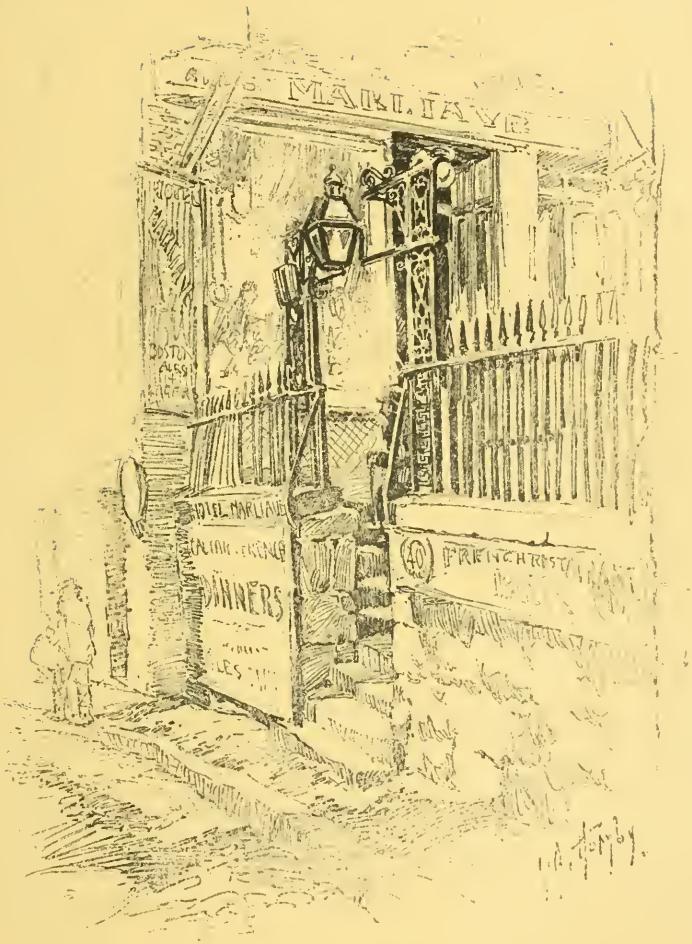
PICTURESQUE SPOTS

WE have thus far gone, Antiquary now remarked, the rounds of what comprised the little, early Town of Boston. As we have found, it really does not extend from one extreme to the other more than a morning's walk, and few, very few, actual memorials are still to be seen. There yet remain picturesque spots here and there, which make it possible to recall some of the agreeable features of a somewhat later age.

In byways off the thoroughfares through which we have just been passing are one or two of these spots that escape the officially guided tourist's eye. Such is the quaint iron gateway at the foot of the short court — Bosworth Street it is now — opening from Tremont Street opposite the old Granary Burying-ground. We find the court ending at a low stone barricade, with flights of heavy, rough, well-worn stone steps in the middle, leading down to the gateway; and

the gateway opening upon a narrow cross street of a single team's width, — Province Street of to-day, running between School and Bromfield streets, the Governor's Alley of Province days. For this, with Province Court opening from it eastward, was originally the avenue to the stables and rear grounds of the Province House. The gateway is not an ancient affair; it is of early nineteenth-century date, set up, perhaps, when the court was opened, in the eighteen twenties, as Montgomery Place, a court of genteel dwellings.

This court has an added interest as the dwelling-place of Doctor Holmes for eighteen years, — from 1841, the year after his marriage, till his removal to Number 164 Charles Street, — where he wrote the *Autocrat* papers in large part, and those earlier poems which established him in the affections of Boston as its best beloved local bard; and where all his children were born. His was "that house at the left hand next the further corner" yet standing, which he describes in the *Autocrat* as the Professor's house. "When he entered that door, two shadows glided over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time, — and one of the shadows was



The Iron Gate between Province and Bosworth Streets

claimed by its owner to be longer than his own." This lengthening shadow was that of "My Captain" of the Civil War, and Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court to-day.

A spot of earlier date and of different interest is found a little way up town, on Washington Street, opposite Boylston Street and near the corner of Essex. If we look sharp, we shall see on a tablet affixed to the face of a building here a rude picture of a tree. This marks the site of the "Liberty Tree", a broad-spreading elm, beneath which was "Liberty Hall", the popular gathering place of the "Sons of Liberty" in the Revolutionary days. Naturally, at the Siege the British soldiers chopped it down.

Our final ramble is over the Old West End: the first West End, lying north and west of the slopes of Beacon Hill between the foot of Scollay Square at Sudbury Street and the River Charles. Originally its north bound was the North Cove, or Mill Pond, the water reaching Leverett Street at one point and cutting up toward the foot of Temple Street at Cambridge Street, while high-water mark crossed Cambridge Street at its junction with Anderson Street coming down the hill. This

was the cove, we recalled, that the earth from the cutting of Beacon Hill top in 1811–1823 went to fill. It is an untidy quarter now, this Old West End, and in parts sordid. The pleasant old streets, and Bowdoin Square, its once fair central feature, with their refined homes of respectability and imposing mansion-houses set in fine gardens, are now sadly blemished with ill-favored structures replacing the handsome dwellings, while pretty much all of the quarter is deplorably shabby. Yet here and there we come upon picturesque spots and a landmark or two of value.

Most refreshing was the sight of the old West Meeting-house setting back from and above Cambridge Street, now preserved and protected by its use as the West End Branch of the Boston Public Library. In this we have an admirable example of a favored type of brick meeting-house at the opening of the nineteenth century. It dates from 1806, as one of the tablets on its face records, and replaces the first West Church, a house of wood, erected in 1737. The first West Church was the meeting-house which was used as a barrack during the Siege, and the steeple of which was taken down because it had been used by the

A Bit of old Leverett Street

"rebels" for signaling the American Camp at Cambridge, just before the Siege. It was demolished to make way for the present structure which occupies its site. In its history of nearly one hundred and seventy years as a place of worship, the West Church was the pulpit of but five pastors in succession; and the services of two of the five covered the whole period of the present meeting-house. These were Charles Lowell, father of James Russell Lowell, who served from 1806 till his death in 1861, fifty-five years, and Cyrus A. Bartol, first from 1837 to 1861 as Doctor Lowell's colleague, and afterward as sole pastor till his death in 1901, a service in all of sixty-five years. The second of the five, the Reverend Jonathan Mayhew, 1747–1766, has been claimed not only as a fearless early Revolutionary patriot, but also as the first preacher of Unitarianism in Boston pulpits, and, too, by the Universalists as the first Boston preacher of their faith. It was gratifying to find the old entrance square, or park, well cared for; and the oaks that Doctor Lowell had transplanted here from the grounds of his Cambridge "Elmwood" where they had been raised from acorns, our guest was told. And the colonial

brick and iron fence enclosing the square, with the handsome gate and the old-fashioned swinging sign above it, added the pleasing finishing touches to this attractive spot in a depressingly unattractive neighborhood.

Lynde Street, at the side of the church and running over a knoll to Green Street, is one of the older streets of the quarter and was new and of the highest respectability when the first West Church was built, which faced it. The street was cut through "Lynde's Pasture" and was named for the Lynde family, which, beginning with Simon Lynde, a colonial Boston merchant and large owner of Boston realty, rose to larger distinction through Simon's son and grandson, Benjamin and Benjamin, 2d, both of whom became chief justices of the Province. The latter presided at the trial of Captain Preston, after the "Boston Massacre" of 1770, when Preston was defended by the patriot leaders, John Adams and Josiah Quincy. Leverett Street, practically a continuation of Lynde Street across Green Street, is of about the same age and was of similar high character in its prime, albeit after the opening of eighteen hundred the almshouse and the jail were established here. It

The Quaint Corner where Poplar and Chambers Streets meet

was named for Governor Leverett, who was a large landowner in these parts. To-day we find it eminently a foreign quarter, with Russian Jews largely herded here, the cheerful old houses transformed into or supplanted by dismal tenements and bedaubed shops. Yet in this unkempt thoroughfare the Artist pointed out more than one picturesque spot and made a sketch of a bit of the street. Once there were quiet little residential courts off the street, and there yet remain a foot passage or two between thoroughfares.

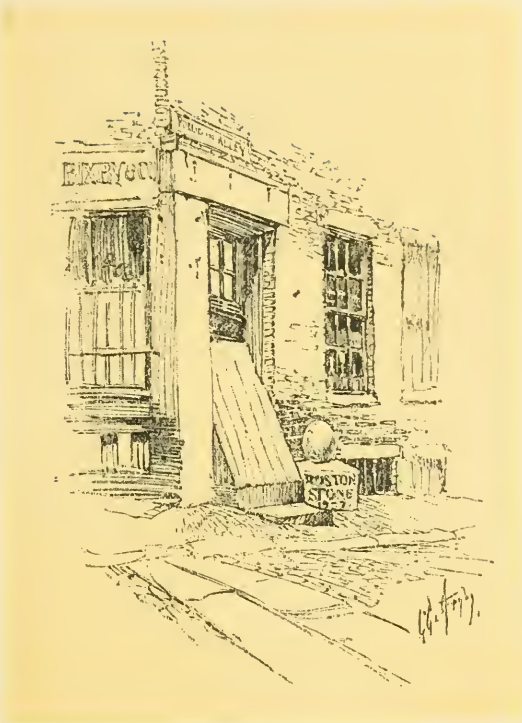
Through one of these — Hammond Avenue it is now loftily designated, though not wide enough for three to walk abreast — we press to the thoroughfare of Chambers Street, parallel with Leverett. Here again we are in a once choice neighborhood fallen upon sorry days, yet retaining picturesqueness in parts, and remnants of past glory. These remnants are mostly to be seen in the old streets running southward from Chambers, — Poplar, Allen, McLean. Of one quaint corner, where Chambers and Poplar streets meet, the Artist makes a sketch for us. Another picturesque corner we note is where Chambers and McLean meet, opposite the church — an old-time Unitarian

meeting-house turned Roman Catholic. Taking McLean Street, we have a pleasing approach to the great domain of the old Massachusetts General Hospital with a part of the main building of Bulfinch's design appearing before us at the end of the vista. This hospital, the Englishman was aware, is especially distinguished as the institution in which the first extensive surgical operation on a patient under the influence of ether was successfully performed. That was in October, 1856, and our guest might see hanging in the main building a picture commemorating the event, with portraits of the surgeons and physicians present on the great occasion; while in the Public Garden is J. Q. A. Ward's commemorative monument. Founded in 1799, incorporated in 1811, and opened to patients in 1821, we remarked that this hospital was the second to be established in the country, the Pennsylvania Hospital having been the first. While numerous other great modern hospitals, some more splendidly endowed, have since been erected in Boston, we were confident that we were but echoing the best opinion when we assured our guest that it continues one of the most complete and perfectly organized institutions of its

class. It is a little city, now, of fine buildings finely equipped, yet the Bulfinch granite structure, the central part of the first main building, remains the most picturesque.

At this spot, dedicated to the alleviation of human suffering, the Artist and Antiquary found a suitable occasion for telling their intelligent guest, the Englishman, that the complete separation between the Past and Present was well expressed in the surrounding neighborhood. Where once stood the comfortable houses of prosperous Boston, now on every hand are the homes, humble indeed but still homes, of many races, secure in the liberties that his kin beyond the seas had nobly won.

As we parted, the Englishman, not without emotion, admitted that he had seen and heard many things to confirm a belief with which he had begun our little tours, that the greatness of his race was still as well carried forward in this early home of sedition and rebellion as in the Mother Isle itself.


BOSTON
STONE